BUNNY BROWN
AND HIS SISTER SUE
ON JACK FROST ISLAND

LAURA LEE HOPE

BUNNY HELD HER WHILE HE TAUGHT HER TO SKATE.

Frontispiece (*Page* 93)

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue on Jack Frost Island.

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON JACK FROST ISLAND

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF

THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES, THE BOBBSEY TWINS SERIES, THE SIX LITTLE BUNKERS SERIES, MAKE BELIEVE STORIES,

ETC.

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(Eleven Titles)

MAKE BELIEVE STORIES

(Twelve Titles)

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BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE ON JACK FROST ISLAND

CHAPTER I

THE SNOW MAN

"S'POSING it keeps on snowing forever—what'll we do then?" asked Sue of her brother.

"It can't keep on snowing forever," answered Bunny Brown. "It's got to stop some time."

"See how hard it is coming down," went on blue-eyed Sue, pressing her nose against the window until it seemed she might make a dent in the glass. "I don't believe it is ever going to stop, Bunny."

"Pooh! Of course it will stop!" insisted the boy whose brown eyes were also peering at the swirling flakes from a window near his

sister. "Did you ever know it to snow forever, Sue?"

"I don't know how long forever is, Bunny."

"Well, it's a good while," Bunny replied. "Nobody could ever live forever, not even an elephant, and they're the biggest animals there are and they live the longest, daddy said. But they don't live forever and it won't snow forever."

"I'm glad it won't," said Sue, with a little sigh of relief.

"Why?" Bunny wanted to know.

"'Cause I want to go out and play, and mother told us we couldn't as long as it snowed so hard."

"No, we can't go out if it's snowing as hard as it is now," Bunny agreed. "But maybe it'll stop pretty soon."

The two children remained with their faces close to the windows looking out into the storm. Bunny was a little older than his sister, and always watched over and protected her when they went out in wintry weather. It was now about the middle of winter and Bellemere, the small city where the Brown

family lived, on Sandport Bay, near the ocean, was now covered deep with snow.

Mr. Brown was down at his boat and fish dock, where he did a good business. Of course he was busier in the summer than in the winter, though he and Bunker Blue, a big, red-haired lad who helped Mr. Brown, could always find plenty to do at the dock.

"If we can't hire out boats in the winter time," Bunker used to tell Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, "we can mend those that got broken in the summer when we did hire them out."

Mrs. Brown was also out this stormy afternoon, but she was not at her husband's boat dock. She had gone to the stores to do some shopping and marketing. When she started it was not snowing as hard as it was when Bunny and Sue began talking about it.

"Maybe mother will be all snowed up in a drift and can't get back home," said Sue, after a while.

"Oh, no, she won't," declared Bunny. "Mother can get home no matter how hard it snows."

"Are you sure?" asked Sue a bit doubtfully.

"Sure, I'm sure!" insisted Bunny. "Can't she, Julia?" he asked the housemaid who, at that moment, came into the room.

"Can't she what, dear?" asked Julia.

"Can't mother get home no matter how hard it snows?" repeated Bunny.

"Oh, yes, I guess so—yes, I know she can!" said the girl. "Don't you worry, my dears. Your mother will soon be here, though it is snowing very hard."

"'Tisn't going to snow forever though, is it?" went on Bunny.

"No, of course it isn't!" exclaimed Julia, with a laugh. "Now don't you two worry. I'm going upstairs to do some work for a while. I won't be long."

"We'll stay here and watch for mother," said Sue.

"And watch the snow," added Bunny.

The two children remained for some little time longer with their faces close to the window, against the glass of which the swirling white flakes beat with tiny sounds. Then Sue joyfully exclaimed:

"Oh, Bunny! I know what we can do!"

"What?"

"We can make ice-cream."

"Out of what?"

"Out of some of this nice, clean snow. You know mother showed us how to take a pan of snow and put some sugar and milk and an egg in it and stir it up with some vanilla. Let's do it!"

"That isn't ice-cream—that's snow-cream," corrected Bunny.

"All right. Then let's make snow-cream!" went on Sue, bubbling over with joy at the thought. She did not care so much what the mixture was to be called as she did about making it.

"Yes, I guess we could do that," agreed Bunny after pretending to think it over. Bunny, sly little chap, was only pretending to think it over. He liked snow-cream and wanted to make some as much as his sister did. But it would never do to let a girl who was younger than he was imagine she had all to do with it.

"Yes, we'll make some snow-cream,"

Bunny said again, as if he had all to do with it. "You get the pan, Sue, and I'll get the snow. You can stir in the eggs, and I'll put in the sugar."

"What you want to put in the sugar for?" asked Sue, pausing on her way to the kitchen after a pan.

"So it'll be plenty sweet," answered Bunny, with a laugh. "Hurry now, Sue, and we'll have a treat before mother comes home."

"Don't you think she'd let us make it if she was at home?" Sue wanted to know.

"Of course she would!" Bunny answered. "She said we could."

A little later Bunny opened a door leading to a side porch, where there was a deep drift of pure, white snow, and, with a long-handled spoon, which Sue had brought from the kitchen with the tin pan, the little boy began scooping up the white stuff.

"We'll have to make it fast," said Sue as they hurried back into the house. "'Cause it melts fast."

"That's right," agreed Bunny. "Well, come on!"

They went out into the kitchen, having it all to themselves, for Julia was upstairs. And, remembering how her mother had told her to do it, Sue beat up an egg in a bowl, added some milk, and let Bunny put in the sugar.

"That's enough!" cried Sue, when her brother was about to empty into the mixture all that remained in the bowl.

"I like it good and sweet," he said, and kept on pouring.

When the sugar had been added, and some vanilla flavoring, Sue began to stir up the "snow-cream," as the children called it. And really it tasted a bit like ice-cream, as you may have found out for yourselves.

"It's hard to stir," said Sue after a number of turns with the long spoon.

"I'll do it," offered Bunny, and he beat up the snow-cream until it was well mixed.

"You dish it out, Sue," he told his sister. "There's enough for Julia to have some, isn't there?"

Sue looked in the big brown bowl in which

the treat had been mixed, and said there was enough for all three of them.

"There'll be some for mother, too, if she comes home pretty soon," she added. "But I guess she won't."

While Sue was dishing out the cream, Bunny went to the big pan which he had filled on the side porch. Not all the snow had been stirred into the mixture, some being left over. And now, while Sue was busy filling three dishes with the stuff, Bunny very quietly made a little ball of snow from what remained in the pan.

While his sister was anxiously measuring the three dishes, to get the same amount into each one, Bunny went on tiptoes up behind her and dropped the little ball of snow down Sue's back.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed the little girl. "Oh, it's cold! Oh, you mean thing!"

Bunny laughed at the way his sister danced around and yelled.

"Ho! Ho!" he chuckled.

"Oh! Oh! It's melting and running all

the way down my legs inside my clothes!" cried Sue. "You're a mean thing, Bunny Brown!"

Bunny continued to laugh. Sue dropped the spoon and caught up, out of the pan, more of the loose snow, which she threw in her brother's face.

For a girl Sue could throw pretty straight, and the wad of cold white stuff hit Bunny right in the eye. Now it was his turn to cry:

"Oh! Oh! Ouch!"

"Oh, Bunny!" exclaimed Sue sorrowfully. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Bunny Brown was a little gentleman, though sometimes he did play tricks on his sister, so now he said:

"It's all right. You didn't hurt me much, and, anyhow, I guess it pays me back for putting snow down your back. I didn't really mean to drop the ball down, Sue. I was only going to squeeze a little water from the snow down your back—but the ball sort of slipped."

"And I guess Sue's sort of slipped, too." It was the voice of some one standing in the

doorway, and there was Julia. She had come downstairs without the children having heard her.

"Did—did you see what happened?" asked Bunny, in surprise.

"I did!" answered the maid. "And you mustn't do any more cutting-up. You promised your mother you'd be good."

"And so we will!" agreed Bunny. "I won't put any more snow down Sue's back."

"And I won't throw any more at Bunny," said Sue. "And here's some snow-cream we made, Julia, and there's your dish."

"Thanks, that's very kind of you," the maid said. "I like it."

The two children sat in the kitchen with Julia, eating the half-frozen mixture, which was, really, quite good. Then, after the pan and dishes had been washed and put away, Bunny and Sue went back in the front room, looking out on the street and watching the snowflakes still falling. Now and then Sue gave a little wriggle and a twist.

"What's the matter?" asked Bunny.

"My back tickles where you dropped the snow down," she answered.

"I won't do it again," he promised.

After that he looked out of the window. Presently he exclaimed:

"Oh, look at the snow man!"

"Snow man!" cried Sue. "I don't see any snow man."

"I mean that old man all covered with snow," explained Bunny, pointing to a figure plodding through the storm. "And, see, Sue, he has fallen down! Look! He fell down right in that deep drift! He'll be all covered up! Maybe he'll be dead! We'll have to help him! Come on!" cried Bunny Brown, getting out of his chair so quickly that he upset it.

He hurried to the front door, calling to his sister:

"Come on, Sue, help the old man out of the snow!"

CHAPTER II

QUEER NOISES

SUE BROWN was surprised both by seeing the old man fall down in the snow and by seeing her brother hurry to help him, at the same time calling to her.

"What are you going to do, Bunny?" Sue asked, as she followed him to the front door.

"I'm going to pull the old man out of the snowdrift," was the boy's answer. "He'll be all covered up and freeze if we don't! Come on."

"If you go out in the snow you have to put on your rubber boots and your overcoat!" said Sue. "Mother told us always to do that."

"Yes, I guess she did," Bunny admitted. "Well, I'll get my boots," and he turned back toward a closet under the stairs where the storm things were kept.

"I'll get mine, too," agreed Sue.

"But we have to hurry!" advised her

brother. "It's snowing awfully hard, and maybe the old man will be all covered up by the time we get out there and we can't find him."

The children hurried into the closet, looking for their boots and warm coats. Julia, out in the kitchen, did not know what was going on. But then Bunny Brown and his sister Sue very often did things for themselves or for others without telling any of the family about it.

As I have told you, the two children lived in Bellemere, and their father owned a boat and fish dock. Their father hired a number of men, but, best of all, Bunny and Sue liked Bunker Blue, with whom they often went out fishing or sailing in summer. In other books of this series I have told you different adventures of the children.

The first book is named "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue," and tells a strange, jolly tale. After what happened in that book, the children went to grandpa's farm, and they had many adventures in various places, including a sugar camp.

The book just before this one is named "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue on the Rolling Ocean," and the family had come back from this trip in the fall. Now it was winter, and the children were ready for more strange happenings. Nothing very much had taken place up to the time it began to snow, but now, with an old man falling down in a deep drift and Bunny and Sue on their way to rescue him, there was no telling what would happen.

"Are you ready, Sue?" asked Bunny, as he stamped his feet in his rubber boots and wriggled into his overcoat.

"I can't get this one boot on," said Sue. "There isn't room for my foot."

"Maybe there's something down inside the boot," suggested Bunny. "Let me look, Sue."

"You can't see inside of a rubber boot," replied the little girl, as she took it off, having it only partly on. "It's too dark."

"Well, I can feel," Bunny answered.

He put his hand down inside his sister's right boot. Then he exclaimed:

"No wonder you couldn't get it on! Here's my ball in it! And I was looking all over for that ball!"

"Well, I didn't hide it in my boot," declared Sue.

"No, I guess maybe I dropped it in," admitted Bunny. "But now you can get your boot on and we'll go out and save the old man from freezing to death in the snow."

With their feet protected by the boots, with their warm coats well buttoned up, Bunny and Sue hastened to the front door. Out they rushed, Bunny in the lead. He thought Sue would close the door after her, and perhaps she tried to do so. But the wind was blowing pretty hard and perhaps Sue did not pull the door all the way. At any rate, it blew wide open and the wind began swirling white flakes of snow into the hall of the Brown house.

"Where is he, Bunny? Where is the snow man?" asked Sue, as she plodded through the deep drifts in the front yard after her brother. "I don't see him any more."

"You can't see very much in this storm,"

answered Bunny. "But he's across the street, right by the fire hydrant. Come on!"

It was snowing so hard and the cold wind was blowing so fiercely that few autos were out in the storm. So the children did not need to wait before crossing the street, which they soon did. Bunny led the way to the big drift near the hydrant.

"Is he there?" asked Sue, from behind her brother.

"Yes, he's here," was the answer. "He's almost covered, too! It's a good thing we came out."

The boy and girl now stood beside a dark heap in the white snow. It was the form of an old man, with a straggly white beard. Even through the patches of snow that covered him it could be seen that he was a poor old man. His clothes, though not ragged, were not new.

"Hello!" called Bunny Brown. "Are you hurt? You mustn't go to sleep in the snow! You'll freeze. You'd better get up and go into our house to get warm. Then you can go home. Come on—get up!"

The old man mumbled something, what it was Bunny and Sue did not know. But he did not get up.

"Come on!" cried Bunny, reaching over and gently shaking the man by the shoulder. "You'd better get up and go into our house where it's warm."

"Maybe he can't get up," said Sue, when the old man did not move.

"Why can't he?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Maybe his leg is broken, or something like that."

"Then we'll have to carry him," decided Bunny. "You get hold of his legs, Sue, and I'll lift his head."

Bunny did not stop to think that he and his small sister could not possibly carry a heavy man. He just wanted to do what he could. And while he and Sue were struggling in the snow and while the old man, who appeared to be half asleep, was mumbling to himself, along came Sam Gordon, the grocer. He knew the children and called to them:

"What in the world are you doing?"

"This old man fell down in the snow," ex-

plained Bunny. "We saw him from our windows."

"And we want to carry him to our house where it's warm, so he won't freeze to death," added Sue.

"Bless your hearts!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon. "But he is in a bad way," he went on as he bent over the motionless man in the snow. "He must have been out in the storm a long time, and he is cold and maybe starving."

"Take him into our house," urged Bunny. "It's nearest."

"We had some snow-cream, but it's all gone," said Sue, with a sigh of regret.

"What this man needs is something hot—nothing cold," said Mr. Gordon. "I guess it would be a good idea to take him to your house. It is nearest. Wait, now, and I'll carry him into the house for you."

"Can you?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Gordon. "I once lifted a barrel of flour. I guess I can manage an old man."

He proved it by picking up the limp form of the aged one and getting him up on his

shoulder. Then the kind grocer stamped off through the snow toward the Brown house, followed by Bunny and Sue. The front door was still open, and Julia, the maid, feeling a cold draft sweeping through the hall, had come to see what it was all about. She reached the front door just as Mr. Gordon was bringing in the old man.

"For gracious sakes, what's this?" cried Julia, as she saw the children trailing up the steps.

"He fell down in the snow and he's 'most frozen and we're going to get him warm," explained Bunny.

"And give him something to eat," added Sue. "But not snow-cream. Anyhow, there isn't any left."

"For goodness sake!" cried Julia again. "Who is he?" she asked as she stood aside so Mr. Gordon could enter with his burden.

"I don't know," the grocer replied. "The children just happened to see him, I guess, and this house was nearest. I'll stay and see if I can help," he went on as he laid the old man down on a sofa.

Julia shut the door, Bunny and Sue took off their coats, and by that time the warmth of the house seemed to rouse the old man. He raised his head and looked about him.

"Where—where am I?" he asked.

"In our house," Bunny said. "Are you cold?"

"And are you hungry?" asked Sue.

"Yes, I am both cold and hungry," mumbled the old man.

"Who are you? Where did you come from? What is your name and where are you going?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"I don't know where I'm going. I—I came from the woods," and the voice was low and mumbling. "I want to find my brother. He looks after me. But I got out in the woods, and I—I got lost."

He sank back and closed his eyes wearily.

"He's a stranger in town, I think," said Mr. Gordon in a low voice to Julia. "And I think, too, he's a bit out of his head. Better have Mrs. Brown call a doctor and take him to a hospital."

"Mrs. Brown isn't at home," the maid said.

"Only the children and I. I don't know what to do!"

"He's got to have something hot," decided Bunny.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," declared Mr. Gordon.

"I have some hot coffee on the stove," said Julia.

"I'll get it!" eagerly offered Sue. "I often pour out a cup of coffee for mother."

She hurried toward the kitchen, followed by Julia.

"He'll want something more than coffee," decided Bunny. "I know where there's some meat."

He hurried after his sister and the maid while Mr. Gordon remained near the old man on the couch.

"Smart children, Bunny Brown and his sister Sue," said the grocer.

"Are you my brother?" murmured the old man.

"Your brother—no," replied the grocer.

"Then I guess he's lost," said the old man.

By this time Bunny came in with a tray on

which were some sandwiches of cold roast beef. Bunny had insisted on cutting the bread and spreading it himself, and also slicing the meat. As a result the sandwiches were rather thick and uneven. But the old man did not seem to mind that. Eagerly and hungrily he began eating them.

"Must have been half-starved," whispered Mr. Gordon to Julia.

Sue came in with the coffee.

"Drink some of this," she said, holding it out to the strange visitor. "It will make you warm."

"Thank you, little miss," he mumbled. "You haven't seen my brother, have you?"

Sue did not quite know what to answer, but Mr. Gordon spoke for her, saying:

"No, she doesn't know where your brother is."

"Oh, dear, I wish I knew!" he sighed.

Then the old man ate some more of Bunny's sandwiches, much to the delight of the little boy, and drank Sue's coffee eagerly, which pleased her.

"Don't you know where you came from or

where you are going?" asked the grocer, as the old man still continued to eat hungrily.

"No, I—I can't seem to remember anything," was the low reply.

"What are we to do with him?" whispered Julia to the grocer.

"Well," he answered, "since Mrs. Brown isn't at home——"

Just then there was a sudden noise upstairs. The children looked surprised, as did the maid. Then a voice cried out above the strange, queer noises which sounded like muffled drums. The voice said:

"Go away! Go away! Don't touch me!"

"Who is that?" gasped Julia.

But no one could answer her.

CHAPTER III

SWOOPING WINGS

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue looked at each other; at Mr. Gordon, the grocer; at the strange old man who had been saved from freezing in the snow; and then at Julia.

"Did you hear that?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, I did," answered Sue. "I wonder who it was?"

"Most likely it is your mother who has come home," said the grocer. "And it's a good thing, too, for she will know what to do with him," and he nodded toward the old man. Now that he had had Sue's coffee and Bunny's sandwiches, the stranger had stretched back on the couch and appeared to be sleeping.

"That's who it was all right," went on the grocer. "It's your mother come home, my dears. She'll know what to do. And now I

must be getting back to my store. Not that I'll have many customers to-day, though," he said, with a laugh. "The storm is too bad."

"Oh—are you going?" asked Julia.

"Yes. Why not?" inquired Mr. Gordon. "You don't need me here any more. I can do nothing more for him," and again he nodded at the sleeping old man. "You can tell Mrs. Brown when she comes downstairs that I said she had better get a doctor for him. But your mother and father will know what to do, children."

With another look at the stranger, the grocer hurried out of the house. As he said, he needed to be at his store, which was not far from the Brown home. But as he had also said, there was not much chance of a crowd of customers coming in while the storm raged. And it was still snowing hard.

"Well," said Bunny, after Mr. Gordon had gone, "if mother is upstairs, we'd better tell her about this old man."

"Yes," agreed Sue. "Mother will know what to do. And she'll be glad I gave him coffee; won't she, Julia?"

"And she'll be glad I made him sandwiches; won't she, Julia?" asked Bunny.

The maid did not seem to hear the children's questions. She had walked to the door of the room and was looking up the stairs.

"Are you going to call mother down?" asked Sue.

"It's queer she went upstairs as soon as she came in without coming in here, and she must have heard us talking," remarked Bunny.

"That wasn't your mother," said Julia.

"What wasn't?" inquired Sue.

"That voice we heard," went on the maid. "That wasn't your mother speaking at all. I know Mrs. Brown's voice. It wasn't her."

"Then who was it?" asked Bunny, as he and his sister looked at the old man on the sofa. He seemed to be talking in his sleep.

"I don't know who it was," answered Julia. "But I'm going to find out."

She started toward the foot of the stairs, leaving Bunny and Sue in the room with the old man. He had a kind, good face, and such a bushy white beard that, afterward, Sue whispered to Bunny that he looked just like

Santa Claus when he wasn't dressed up to come down the chimney.

Suddenly, while Julia had her foot on the first step, the voice above cried out again:

"Go away! Go away! Don't touch me! Let me alone!"

It was a high, shrill and harsh voice that the maid and the children heard, and no sooner had it stopped than Julia said:

"There! I knew that wasn't Mrs. Brown. Who are you up there in our house?" she demanded. "Tell me who you are or I'll get a policeman and have him arrest you!"

Bunny started at hearing this, and ran out of the room into the hall.

"Who is it, Julia?" whispered Bunny.

"I don't know," replied the maid. "But it isn't your mother, that's sure."

"Maybe it's Aunt Lu," suggested Sue. "She talks high sometimes. Maybe it's Aunt Lu!" The children had once gone on a visit to their aunt's city home, and they had some wonderful adventures there.

"How could it be Aunt Lu?" inquired Bunny. "She would come down and speak

to us. Anyhow, she isn't to come until after Easter."

"That's so," admitted his sister, remembering what her mother had said about a visit from Aunt Lu.

"It sounded like a lady's voice," remarked Bunny.

"Yes, I think it is some strange woman who has gotten into our house by mistake," Julia remarked. "I guess she will go out if I ask her to."

The maid started up the stairs and, at that moment, the voice broke out again, saying:

"Dear me, I'm so hungry!"

"Did you hear that?" gasped Bunny. "It must be another old man up there. I'll get him some sandwiches."

"There's some coffee left," said Sue. "But that didn't sound like a man, Bunny."

"No more it did and no more it is!" exclaimed Julia decidedly. "That's a woman, I tell you, and I'm going to see who she is."

"I'll go with you," offered Bunny Brown.

"So will I," added his sister Sue. "I'm not going to stay down here all alone."

"That nice old man is there," said Bunny.

"Sure enough!" said Julia. "I had almost forgotten about him. I was just wishing your father was at home, children, but the old man will do as well. I don't like going upstairs in the dark to see a strange woman who hollers like that."

It was getting dark by this time, for it was late afternoon and the storm and clouds had brought the winter daylight to a close earlier than usual.

"I'll go ask the old man to come up with us and see who is hollering," suggested Bunny as he turned back toward the room where the stranger was lying on the couch.

"I guess he's strong enough to walk now, after he had some sandwiches and coffee," observed Sue.

They found their visitor sitting up on the couch and looking about him. But he still seemed to be in a daze, and as if he did not know where he was. Julia had followed the children back into the room, after pausing a moment on the now dim stairway.

"We heard some one talking upstairs,"

Bunny explained to the old man, "and we don't know who she is, 'cause it isn't my mother."

"Nor Aunt Lu," added Sue.

"And will you please come with us and help us look, 'cause my father isn't at home and Julia wants a man?" went on Bunny. "But my father will be home pretty soon and are you strong enough to walk upstairs?"

For a moment the stranger looked in turn at Bunny, then at Sue and then at Julia. Then he said in a weary voice:

"Tobias is my name, and you can call me Uncle Toby if you like." He leaned back on the cushions, again murmuring: "Call me Uncle Toby."

"All right—Uncle Toby," answered Bunny. "But will you please come with Julia and Sue and me and see who's upstairs in our house? They keep hollering about being let alone. And they're hungry."

"No, I'm not hungry any more," murmured Uncle Toby. "I've had enough to eat. I was out in the snow and cold, but some kind children brought me in and fed me. I'm not

hungry any more. Uncle Toby is my name, and I've lost my brother."

"He doesn't know what you are saying to him," declared Julia. "He's out of his head, I think, children."

"What are we going to do?" whispered Bunny.

"I wish mother was home!" murmured Sue.

"So do I, and your father too," said Julia, looking toward the door that led to the hall and the stairs. "I wish Mr. Gordon had stayed until we found out who this was. But I'll go up myself. I'm not afraid!"

"I'm not, either!" said Bunny stoutly.

"And I—I—I guess I'm not," whispered Sue.

Leaving the old man, who had given his name only as Tobias, to himself, the maid, followed by the two children, started up the stairs. All was quiet now. And it was dark, too. But once they were in the upper hall Julia could press an electric button and turn on the lights.

The maid was just going to do this, standing at the head of the stairs in the dark, with

Bunny and Sue near her, when, all of a sudden, the voice broke out again:

"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

And before they could do anything there was the sound of swishing wings in the gloom and something whizzed over their heads and down the stairs.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Sue.

"What was that?" asked Bunny Brown.

CHAPTER IV

MR. BROWN'S NEWS

A MOMENT after the shrill cry, the sound of the swooping wings and the feeling that something had sailed through the darkness of the hall over their heads, the three standing near the top of the stairs did nothing. They were too surprised to know what to do.

Then Bunny spoke again.

"What was that?" he asked.

"I don't know," whispered Sue.

"I don't know, either, but I'm going to find out!" declared Julia, who knew she must be brave now, so Bunny and his sister would not be frightened.

But, as a matter of fact, the two small children were not in the least afraid. They had been through too many adventures for that; getting lost, being found and everything.

They were not afraid, but they were surprised. And they wanted to know what had swished past them.

Moving a little farther along the upper hall, Julia found the electric button and turned on the lights. As soon as the bulbs began to glow, the maid and the children looked down into the front hall. But they could see nothing.

"Where is she?" asked Sue.

"Where is who?" Bunny wanted to know.

"The woman who hollered," went on the little girl. "Did she sail over our heads like a kite?"

"That wasn't any woman," declared Julia. "No person could swish over our heads like that."

"Then who was it?" asked Sue.

Julia said she didn't know, but that she was going to find out. And now Julia started down the stairs to find out what it was that had flown from one of the upper rooms.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue followed her, looking on all sides for a sign of the mysterious thing that had shouted so. And when

they were half way down the stairs the voice sounded again, saying:

"Where are you? I'm hungry! I want some peanuts!"

"There it is again!" cried Sue.

"Come on—we can catch her!" shouted Bunny. "It sounded in the dining room!"

A moment later came the voice of Uncle Toby, as he had called himself:

"What's the matter out there?" he asked. "Is that my brother?"

Before any one could answer him, there was a sound at the front door.

"She's getting out!" Bunny exclaimed.

"Maybe it's Uncle Toby," added Sue. "Don't go out into the storm again!" she begged. "We will keep you all night and I'll make you some more coffee."

"That isn't the old man," said Julia. "There is nobody going out of the door!"

"Some one is coming in!" said Sue.

As all three looked down the hall they saw the door swing open and Mrs. Brown come in, snowflakes all over her and her cheeks red and glowing from the cold.

"Oh, my dears! Such a storm!" she cried, stamping her feet to get rid of the snow. "I thought I should never reach home! Is daddy in yet?"

"No, ma'am," answered Julia.

"But we have company!" cried Sue, excitedly rushing to tell the story first. "There's an old man in the living room. His name is Uncle Toby and Bunny and I got him out of the snow, and I made coffee——"

"I made the sandwiches!" chimed in her brother, wishing to get some of the credit.

"And there was somebody upstairs, hollering to be let alone, and they just flew downstairs," went on Sue breathlessly, "and we're looking for her now and——"

"She wants peanuts!" added Bunny, coming in toward the end of the story.

"What in the world is all this about, my dears?" asked their mother of Bunny and Sue. "Is it some game you are playing?" Truly it sounded like that.

"Oh, no, Mother! It isn't a game!" gasped Sue, for she was quite out of breath, having talked very fast.

"The old man is here," went on Bunny. "But we haven't seen the old woman—I guess she's old, 'cause her voice was queer."

"And she flew in the air," added Sue.

Mrs. Brown looked from the children to Julia and back to Bunny and Sue. She did not know whether to laugh or to take matters seriously.

But just then the door of the living room opened and the old man thrust out his head and his shock of white whiskers.

"Oh, who is that?" gasped Mrs. Brown.

"That's Uncle Toby," replied Bunny.

"We got him out of the snow and Mr. Gordon carried him in," explained Sue.

Mrs. Brown said later that she felt her legs growing weak under her, so she had to sit down in a chair near the foot of the stairs.

"Have you found my brother yet?" asked Uncle Toby.

They were all too surprised to answer him, so he went back in the room again.

"And you say there is an old woman here, also?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"There is some strange thing in the house,"

explained Julia. "She called from upstairs, and then, when we went to see about it, in the dark something swished over our heads. And just before you came in we heard the same voice in the dining room."

"Asking for peanuts," added Bunny.

Mrs. Brown shook her head as if in despair at ever getting at the bottom of this puzzle. And while they were all wondering what to do, there was another noise at the front door and Mr. Brown came in, covered with snow as his wife had been.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried Bunny and Sue in the same breath.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Brown, as he saw his wife sitting in the chair with a worried look on her face.

"Something seems to have happened!" replied his wife. "But no one is hurt, or anything like that. We have unexpected company, that is all. It seems that the children brought in an old man from the storm. A queer, harmless creature," she added in a lower voice.

"A tramp?" Mr. Brown wanted to know.

"Oh, no, not a tramp! He's Uncle Toby," said Sue.

"And he's lost his brother," added her brother.

"Well, we'll try to help him," said Mr. Brown kindly. "Now what else is there?"

"A strange woman," said Bunny.

"She hollers and she flew over our heads!" gasped Sue.

Before her father could say anything about this strange matter, that shrill voice again cried from the dark dining room:

"Peanuts! Peanuts! Where are the peanuts?"

No sooner did they hear that than Mr. and Mrs. Brown began to laugh, which of course made Bunny and Sue feel better. But they could not understand why there was such merriment.

"There she is!" cried Sue.

"In the dining room!" added her brother.

"Don't be alarmed, I'll get her. But she isn't an old woman," said Mr. Brown.

He walked along the hall, followed by Bunny and Sue, with Julia back of them.

On reaching the dining room Mr. Brown switched on the lights, and there, perched on the sideboard, was a big red, green, and yellow bird with a large, black, hooked bill.

"A parrot!" cried Bunny.

"Mr. Jilson's parrot!" added Sue, as she recognized the pet of a neighbor.

And the parrot, opening her beak, screamed:

"Go away! Let me alone! Where are the peanuts?"

"Oh! Oh!" laughed Sue, clapping her hands in delight. "That's just the way she hollered upstairs."

"Only she didn't say anything about peanuts up there," said Bunny. "And she flew over our heads."

"Mr. Jilson's parrot!" exclaimed Sue again, for many a time she and her brother had fed the pet talking-bird bits of crackers in the home of their neighbors. "She must have flown in when we left the door open to get Uncle Toby."

"I guess so," agreed Bunny.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't a strange woman,"

remarked Julia. "A strange man is enough."

"That's so. We still have that mystery to look into," said Mr. Brown. "I wonder who he is? But I knew, as soon as I heard the shrill voice, that it was a parrot talking," he went on as Bunny and Sue went up to the gay bird, for she was very tame.

"I suppose, on account of the darkness, the children didn't know it was Molly," said Mrs. Brown, for Molly was the parrot's name. "I wonder how she got out of Mr. Jilson's house? We must telephone over that his bird is here. He will be worried."

"He often lets her out of the cage," said Bunny as he and his sister stroked the glossy red, green, and yellow feathers. "And maybe he left his door open, or somebody did, and Molly flew out and came in here."

"She went right upstairs," said Sue. "Anyhow, I'm glad it was a parrot."

"Peanuts! Peanuts! I want peanuts!" demanded Molly.

"I have some in my other coat pocket," said Bunny, hurrying to get the nuts, and a little later he and Sue were feeding them to

Molly while Mrs. Brown, after telling Julia to telephone to Mr. Jilson, letting him know where his pet was, went, with her husband, into the room where the old man was still on the couch.

"Can you tell us who you are and where your brother is, so we can send for him?" asked Mr. Brown kindly.

"My name is Tobias, but the children can call me Uncle Toby," was the answer. "I don't know where my brother is."

"What is his name?" asked Mrs. Brown.

The old man seemed to think for a moment and then, with a smile, he said:

"Well, it isn't Tobias—that's all I know. *I'm* Uncle Toby." And that was all they could get out of him.

"What are we going to do?" asked Mrs. Brown in a low voice, as Bunny and Sue, having fed the parrot, came into the room.

"We can't turn him out to-night in this storm," answered her husband. "We shall have to keep him. To-morrow we can try to find out who he is and where his brother lives. But to-night he must stay here."

"You are almost forgetting to tell the children the news, aren't you?" asked Mrs. Brown of her husband, with a smile.

"Oh, are we going away again?" cried Bunny on hearing this.

"What is the news?" asked Sue, clapping her hands.

Almost always, when daddy came home with news to tell, it had to do with going away on a trip, or something jolly like that.

"Yes, I have some news for you," said Mr. Brown, with a smile. "It's about going away, too!" Then Bunny Brown and his sister Sue almost smothered their father with hugs and kisses.

CHAPTER V

TO JACK FROST ISLAND

"TELL us the news, Daddy!" begged Bunny Brown.

"And when are we going away?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, I might as well tell you all about it, then we can have supper and put poor Uncle Toby, as he calls himself, to bed," said Mr. Brown.

"I think Uncle Toby is a nice name," remarked Sue.

"And I like him," her brother said.

"He seems very nice," agreed Mrs. Brown. "But I wonder who he can be, where he came from and who his brother is?"

"We shall have to find out all those things to-morrow or next day," her husband said. "Perhaps the police here in town can help us.

Did you say you found him in the snow, children?"

"Yes, he was walking in the storm. I saw him first," Bunny repeated. "Then we both saw him fall down."

"So we put on our rubber boots and coats, as you told us to, Mother," remarked Sue, "and went out and got him."

"There seems to be some mystery about him," said Mr. Brown. "We need not worry about that now, however."

"Tell us the news!" begged the children.

"How would you like to go to Jack Frost Island to spend a few weeks?" asked their father.

"Jack Frost Island!" exclaimed Bunny. "Oh, that would be fine!"

"But isn't it cold?" asked Sue. "It sounds so!"

"Any place around here is cold in the winter," her father replied, with a laugh. "But I guess, with your rubber boots and your coats, you will be warm enough. I think you will like it at Jack Frost Island."

"I'm sure they will," their mother said.

Evidently she had heard Mr. Brown's news before.

Then the father of Bunny and Sue explained what he meant. In his boat business he often needed lumber to build new boats or mend those that had become broken in the summer. So he had bought a great lot of timber that grew on an island in Towako Lake, some miles inland from the bay on which Bellemere was located.

"Just why they call it Jack Frost Island, I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "But such is the name, and it is in the upper end of Towako Lake. I suppose, though, there must be plenty of ice and snow up there, or they wouldn't have called it that. But that is where I must go to see about my lumber being cut, and I thought you children might like to go with me."

"Is mother coming?" asked Sue, looking across the room.

"Of course I am, my dear!" Mrs. Brown answered. "It isn't often I get a chance for a vacation in the winter."

"Will Julia go with us?" asked Bunny. "I mean to set the table, and like that?"

"Yes, we'll take Julia," Mrs. Brown said.

"Oh, what lots of fun we'll have!" exclaimed Bunny. "We can slide downhill, can't we?" he inquired of his father.

"If there is any snow you can," replied Mr. Brown. "And from the way the white flakes were coming down as I came along, I imagine we shall have a white winter."

"Is the island big enough to have a hill on it?" Sue wanted to know.

Her father said it was quite a large island, with big stretches of woods and a number of houses where the lumbermen lived. There was also a furnished bungalow on the island, where the Brown family would live while the lumber was being cut and made ready to be sawed into boards for boats.

"Can we skate on the island?" asked Bunny.

"Not exactly on the island," his father answered, with a laugh. "But when the lake around Jack Frost Island freezes, you can skate there. And go ice-boating, too."

"Oh, what fun we'll have!" cried the children in delight.

Then a cloud came over Bunny's face and he asked in a low voice:

"What'll we do with Uncle Toby?"

"Can we take him to Jack Frost Island?" Sue wanted to know.

"Hardly that," their mother said. "I do not believe he would like the cold. But we will see that he is taken care of, if we cannot get in touch with his brother or any of his friends."

"If we can't find his brother—and Uncle Toby doesn't know where he lives—maybe they would take him in at the orphan asylum," suggested Sue, for there was one of these buildings for homeless children with no parents a few miles from Bellemere.

"Oh, they couldn't take a grown man in an orphan asylum," Mrs. Brown explained. "But we will see that Uncle Toby is cared for."

Then when Julia had called the children and their parents to supper, the talk was all about Jack Frost Island and what fun there

would be when they were living in the bungalow. Bunny said he was going to skate or slide downhill every day, and Sue said she would do the same, adding:

"But we can watch the men cut down trees sometimes, can't we?"

"Oh, yes, we'll do that, too!" agreed Bunny.

The children were half way through their supper, talking meanwhile about Jack Frost Island, when Bunny happened to think of Uncle Toby again, and exclaimed:

"Oh, maybe he wants something more to eat."

"No," said Mrs. Brown. "I sent Julia to ask him, but he said that Sue's coffee and your sandwiches, Bunny, were quite enough until morning. He has gone up to bed, and to-morrow he may remember the rest of his name and where his brother lives."

The storm kept up all during the night, but Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were snug and warm in the house. They had hardly wanted to go to bed when it was time to do so, because of talking about the trip to Jack Frost Island and also about Uncle Toby.

In the morning the ground was white and deep in snow, and Mr. Brown had hard work shoveling a path from the house to the sidewalk. But after he had started it, Bunny and Sue, with smaller shovels, got out and helped clear away the drifts.

"When are we going to Jack Frost Island, Daddy?" the children called to their father as he hurried away to his office on the boat dock.

"Next week," he replied.

"In our automobile?"

"No, we'll have to go in Mr. Jackson's big sled," was the answer. "The road through the woods is so rough and the snow will be so deep that an automobile could not manage it. We'll go in the big sled."

This answer made the children happier than ever, for they loved the prancing horses and the jingling bells that always went with a sleigh ride. But as Bunny finished clearing the sidewall, he happened to think of something.

"I wonder," he said, "how we can get over to the island in a sled. There will be water

between there and the shore. I guess daddy forgot about that. We'll have to get a boat."

"Can't Mr. Jackson's sled get over the lake if it's frozen?" asked Sue.

"Oh, yes, I forgot about that!" and Bunny laughed. "Of course! We'll sleigh ride over the frozen lake. That will be all right."

In the days that followed Mrs. Brown and Julia made ready for the trip to Jack Frost Island. Warm clothes for the children would need to be taken in the sled. But plenty of things to eat could be bought in the store on the mainland across from the island, where the lumbermen purchased their supplies.

Mr. Jilson's parrot had been taken back to him, and he laughed when the children told about the strange voice and the swishing wings in the dark.

But though one mystery had been solved—that of the strange voice—the old man whom Bunny and Sue had helped to save from freezing in the snow was still a puzzle.

He seemed kind and good, gentle enough and anxious lest he make too much trouble for Mrs. Brown. But he could not remem-

ber his last name nor anything about his brother.

The police of Bellemere were asked if they had word of any missing persons, but they had not. Nor could they tell where the gentle old man belonged.

"He's a bit out of his head," said the chief of police, who called at the Brown home to see the stranger. "Not exactly crazy, perhaps; but a bit off. Maybe, after a while, he'll remember who he is and where he and his brother live. But you say you and your family are going away, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, to Jack Frost Island to be gone several weeks," was the answer.

"Then I suppose you want us to take charge of the old man?"

"No," said Mr. Brown slowly, "I shouldn't like that. Nor is there any old men's home around here that would care for him, but Mr. Jilson, my neighbor, says he has a spare room and he will be glad to look after Uncle Toby until we get back. I am going to pay for his board and lodging."

"That is very kind of you," said the police

chief. "Not many people would bother with a stranger. There's the poorhouse, you know. They would take him in."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't think of sending him to the poorhouse!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "The children have grown fond of him. They found him and helped him first, you know, and they feel that he is a sort of distant relation."

"So we shall have him cared for in Mr. Jilson's house until we come back," concluded Mr. Brown. "By that time it may be discovered who he is and where he belongs."

So it was arranged.

After everything was packed and the Brown house left in charge of a caretaker, the big sled was brought to the door and Bunny and Sue piled in. Uncle Toby had been taken over to Mr. Jilson's house. He went cheerfully enough, hardly seeming to know what it was all about. But he looked sad when Bunny and Sue bade him farewell.

"Don't forget your Uncle Toby, my dears," he begged them.

"We'll not," promised Bunny.

"And we'll come back to you from Jack Frost Island," said Sue.

The eyes of the old man seemed to grow brighter as he heard this name.

"Jack Frost Island! Jack Frost Island?" he murmured.

"Do you know where it is?" asked Mr. Brown.

But the eyes grew dull again, and Uncle Toby said:

"No, I forget—I don't remember. I know Jack Frost, though. He almost froze me in the storm. I wish I could find my brother."

So the Brown family left him and drove away, the children a bit sad at parting from him. But not for long were they sad, for the sleigh bells jingled merrily as the horses pranced through the snow.

"We're going to Jack Frost Island and have lots of fun!" cried Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

CHAPTER VI

AN UPSET

BELLEMERE, where the children lived, was not a very large city, and it did not take long for the fast horses, hitched to Mr. Jackson's big sled, to pull the family out into the open country and toward Towako Lake. On the way they passed Mr. Brown's boat dock, where not much business was being done.

Bunker Blue, one of the young men who worked for the children's father, came running out of the little office on the dock, waving his hand.

"I guess he wants to speak to you, Walter," said Mrs. Brown to her husband.

"It seems so," admitted Mr. Brown. "Wait a minute, will you, Mr. Jackson?"

"Whoa, ponies!" called the driver to the team, and the prancing horses slowed down, but they kept looking back after they had

stopped, stamping their feet and jingling their bells.

"I guess they're in a hurry to go on again," observed Sue.

"I guess so," agreed Bunny. "I'm in a hurry too, I want to get to Jack Frost Island and skate."

"And slide downhill," added his sister. "How long does it take to get to the island, Mother?" she asked.

"Two or three hours," was the answer.

Mrs. Brown drew the fur robes of the sleigh closer around Bunny and Sue, for the day was cold. There had been no further storm since the one in which the children had found the old man—Uncle Toby—but Jack Frost had been around, it was easy to tell that, and the wind was chilling.

Mr. Brown was talking to Bunker Blue who, knowing the owner of the dock would pass, had been watching for him.

"What's the matter, Bunker?" asked Mr. Brown. "Does a picnic party want to hire a big sailboat and go crabbing?"

"Not this kind of weather!" answered the

red-haired youth, with a laugh. "I only wish they did. I like summer best. But what I stopped you for, Mr. Brown, was to tell you about the road ahead of you—the road you'll have to take to get to Jack Frost Island."

"What's the matter with the road?" Bunny and Sue heard their father ask. "Has any one taken it away so we can't use it?"

"No, not that," and Bunker laughed again. "But a man who drove in from Towako this morning stopped here to get some boards, and he said the road was in bad shape—dangerous, you know."

"What sort of danger?" asked Mrs. Brown while Mr. Jackson turned toward Bunker Blue, and Bunny and Sue, who had been looking under the fur robes to make sure all their toys—skates, sleds, and so on—were safe, now looked at Bunker and listened to what he was saying.

"The road is dangerous on account of the deep snow, this man said," went on Bunker Blue. "In some places the drifts are deeper than the horses' legs, he told me. I remembered that you said, Mr. Brown, that you

were going to drive to Towako, so I thought I'd be on the watch to tell you."

"Glad you did, Bunker," said Mr. Brown. "What do you think?" he asked Mr. Jackson. "Is there any other road we can take?"

"Not to get where you want to go," was the answer. "To reach Jack Frost Island you have to go to the town of Towako, on the edge of the lake, and drive across the ice as we planned to do. But I guess the road isn't so bad but what my horses can make it."

"Well, perhaps it will be all right," agreed Mr. Brown. "If we find the snow too deep we can turn back and try it another day."

"Oh, can't we go to Jack Frost Island?" asked Sue, in disappointed tones.

"Surely we will go!" said her mother. "But if it's dangerous we must wait a bit."

"Couldn't we get out and walk around the danger?" asked Bunny earnestly.

"No; I think we'll stick to the sled, Bunny," his father replied.

"Well," said Bunker as he started back toward the warm office on the end of the dock, "I just thought I'd tell you."

"Glad you did," answered Mr. Brown. "Well, we'll go," he decided after talking about it with Mr. Jackson. "We'll be careful, though."

Bunny and Sue now had something to think about besides the fun they were going to have on Jack Frost Island with their sleds, skates, and the other playthings they had brought along. Their mother had allowed them to load into the sled many of their toys, since they were to spend several weeks in the winter woods.

Bunny and Sue were eager to see the danger that had been told of by the man who had stopped to get some boards from Bunker Blue.

"What sort of danger do you s'pose it will be, Mother?" asked Sue.

"Oh, just a rough road with deep drifts that would be hard for the horses to pull through," was the answer.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Mr. Jackson. "I'd like to see the drift my horses couldn't pull through. Get along there, ponies!"

He shook the reins, and the horses stepped

out again, looking back as if to make sure all was right and that Bunny and Sue had not been left behind. Merrily their bells jingled.

"It will have to be a pretty big drift they can't get through!" said the driver, and the children, seeing the strong team, thought this was so.

"But we mustn't take any chances," decided Mr. Brown. "If we see the danger in time, we will go around it."

Bunny and Sue talked over what they would do when they reached Jack Frost Island and planned many days of skating, sliding downhill, and even riding on ice boats, for Mr. Brown had said there were two of these craft at the lumber camp where he was going to attend to some business.

For half an hour or more, after leaving Bunker Blue, Bunny and Sue rode in the sleigh along the snow-covered road, eagerly watching for any sign of the deep drifts. But they saw none, and they were beginning to think the man who had given Bunker the news had made a mistake, when, just ahead,

several men were noticed standing at the side of the highway, talking.

"Something must have happened," observed Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, maybe that's the danger!" exclaimed Bunny.

But when the place was reached it was found that it was only a man on his way to town, who had stopped in front of the farmhouse of a friend of his to talk to the latter and some of his hired men, all of whom were out in the road.

"Have you got room to pass, Mr. Jackson?" asked one of the men, as the big sleigh, filled with the Brown family and their goods, drew up.

"Plenty of room," was the answer, as Mr. Jackson pulled his horses to a stop to greet his friends, some of whom Mr. Brown knew. "How is the road on to Towako?" he said.

"I didn't come from as far back as that," said the other driver. "But I hear there are some deep drifts."

"So we were told," remarked Mr. Brown. "Do you think we can get through?"

The driver of the other sleigh looked at Mr. Jackson's horses as if to see how strong they were, and what he noticed seemed to satisfy him, for he said:

"I reckon you can pull through all right."

Mrs. Brown noticed that the farm where they had stopped was a dairy farm and that a number of cows were standing in a sheltered place, chewing corn stalks that had been kept green during the winter in a big building called a silo.

"I wonder if we could get the children a drink of milk here?" she asked her husband. She had intended to speak low, but she was overheard by the farmer, who at once said:

"Certainly, you can have some milk. Go in, Jim, and tell my wife to give you a pitcher full and some glasses," he said to one of the hired men.

And in a short time Bunny and Sue were hungrily sipping the rich milk. They had made an early breakfast, for Mr. Brown wanted to get to Jack Frost Island as early in the day as possible.

Mrs. Brown also drank some milk, but Mr.

Brown said he would wait until noon for his next meal, as he expected to be in the bungalow on the island by that time.

"And then Julia will broil me one of the steaks we have brought along; won't you?" he asked, looking back at the maid.

"I will if there's a fire," she answered, with a smile.

"Oh, we have a stove and wood and coal and everything in the place where we're going to stay," said the children's father.

Bunny and Sue finished drinking the milk and eating the molasses cookies which the farmer's wife had sent out to them, and they then noticed a big black dog run out of the barn and frisk around in the snow.

"Oh, what a nice dog!" exclaimed Sue.

"I wish I had one like that!" said Bunny.

As if the dog knew the children, he ran toward the sleigh and jumped into it, being petted and fondled by Bunny and Sue. He made friends with them at once.

"He loves children," said the farmer.

"Oh, could we have him?" pleaded Sue.

"I'm afraid I couldn't spare him," the

farmer answered, with a laugh. "He's my cow dog."

"What's a cow dog?" Bunny wanted to know.

"He drives the cows for me in summer," was the answer. "Wait, I'll show you. I'll have him drive those cows from one end of the yard to the other. Here, Chief!" he called to the dog, that at once left off snuggling against Bunny and Sue and leaped out of Mr. Jackson's sleigh. "Cows, Chief! Drive 'em into the corner!"

With a bark, the dog raced over the snow and into the yard under a shed near the silo where the animals were eating corn. Leaping about, Chief drove the cows from one end of the long yard to the other, getting them into a bunch in a corner. Then he stood with his forefeet on the top rail of the fence and looked toward his master, barking as if to say:

"Well, that's done. What next?"

"All right, Chief!" the farmer said, and the dog came running back, while the cows, that did not seem to like being driven out

into the snow away from the sweet corn stalks, returned to their shelter.

"In summer he'll go up on the hill where I pasture the cows and bring them home all alone," the farmer said. "I'm afraid I can't let you have my dog, children."

"Oh, no!" agreed Bunny. "We shouldn't want to take him away from you!"

"But we wish we had one just like him," sighed Sue. "Don't we, Bunny?"

"We sure do!" exclaimed the little boy.

After a little more talk and thanks for the milk and cookies, as the farmer refused money, Bunny and Sue were driven on again. Now the road became rougher and the drifts of snow were higher, but still the prancing horses had no trouble pulling along the sleigh.

"I guess it wasn't as bad as they thought," said Mr. Brown, who sat in front with the driver. Mrs. Brown and Julia were on the back seat while Bunny and Sue were on the middle one.

"No," agreed Mr. Jackson. "I've been over much worse roads than this."

He guided his team around a bend, and as

he did so one of the horses stumbled and almost fell.

"Whoa there! What's the matter?" cried Mr. Jackson, pulling hard on the reins.

The next moment something big and black loomed up amid a heap of white snow. The sleigh seemed to slide up on this black thing and then slide off again, tilting to one side as it did so.

"Oh!" cried Sue. "We're going to tip over!"

And upset is just what the sleigh did, dumping Bunny and Sue and all the others out into a big heap of snow at the side of the road.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE BUNGALOW

LUCKY it was for Bunny Brown and his sister Sue that there was plenty of snow for them to fall into, and also lucky it was that Mr. Jackson's horses were steady-going animals.

The snow was so soft that the children were not in the least hurt by being dumped out in it, and after the first jump of surprise over what was happening, the two horses stood still and did not try to run away as they might have done.

Mrs. Brown and Julia, being on the back seat, did not fall so far as did the children and Mr. Brown and the driver. The two at the back of the sleigh were left sitting almost on the edge of it.

Mr. Brown had jumped when he felt the sleigh going over, as did Mr. Jackson, and

they now stood in the drift, near the big black rock, looking to see what damage had been done.

The first thing Mr. Brown noticed was that his wife and the maid were all right. Then the father of Bunny and Sue saw two holes in the snow. At the bottom of these holes, Mr. Brown guessed, were the little boy and his sister. He floundered his way to them and reached down to pull up the children, but there was no need to do this, for out they scrambled themselves.

"What happened?" asked Bunny.

"We upset," answered Sue, shaking herself as she stepped back into the road to get rid of the snow.

"I know that!" said her brother. "But what made us? Did the horses run away?"

"They shied a bit at that big rock," and Mr. Jackson pointed to the immense stone jutting out from the side of the road and partly covered with snow. "They shied at that and swung around so that the front bob ran up on the edge of it. Like a side hill it is, and that threw us over. Anybody hurt?"

"I guess we're all right," answered Mrs. Brown. "Help me up, Walter, please," she begged, and she laughed as did Bunny and Sue.

Aside from getting some snow on them and having to pick up some of the goods and the children's toys which were tilted out of the sleigh, no harm came from the accident.

"But how are we going to get in the sled that way?" asked Sue; and well might she inquire, for the sleigh was on its side.

"Oh, we'll soon right that," Mr. Jackson declared. "Will you give me a hand, Mr. Brown?"

"We'll help, too!" cried Bunny.

"And Julia and I can push," added Mrs. Brown. "But will the horses stand steady?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," answered their driver, and the team did, while everyone shoved and lifted one side of the sleigh until they had pushed it back on the runners, or bobs, again. Then the scattered things were put back, the children, their father and mother and Mr. Jackson and Julia took their places and once more

they were on their way to Jack Frost Island.

"But I'll drive more carefully," said Mr. Jackson. "I must have gotten a bit off the road, for I know that rock. The drifts fooled me."

"Maybe this is the danger the man told Bunker Blue about," suggested Bunny.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit," agreed Mr. Jackson.

However, though the remainder of the road to the town of Towako was rough, with big drifts here and there, no more accidents happened, and about eleven o'clock the party reached the lake, which had the same name as the town on it. But there was no lake of sparkling blue water to be seen. Instead there was just a big stretch of white, out in the middle of which was what looked like a large forest.

"That is Jack Frost Island," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the trees, many of which seemed to be evergreens. "That is where we are going to stay and where my lumber is being cut."

"But where is the lake?" asked Sue.

"Under the ice and snow," her father told her. "It is frozen over and the ice is covered with snow."

"Are we going to drive across it with the horses and sleigh?" Bunny inquired.

"That's just what we are going to do," Mr. Jackson answered.

From the edge of the ice and snow-covered lake, near which, on the outskirts of the village, the sleigh had been halted, Bunny Brown looked across to Jack Frost Island, and he did not seem very happy.

"What's the matter?" his mother asked him. "Don't you like it here?"

"Oh, yes," the little boy replied. "But how are we going to skate or ice boat on the lake when it's covered with snow?"

"It will rain before a great while," said Mr. Jackson, "and melt off the snow. Then, with the snow gone, the lake will freeze again and you'll have plenty of ice on which to skate."

"Oh, that's good!" said Bunny Brown, and now he smiled.

"Well, now let's go to Jack Frost Island"

said Sue, as she looked at the distant patch of trees in the vast plain of white which was the snow-covered lake. "My Arabella is hungry and I want to give her something to eat and put her to bed. She may have taken cold."

"Dolls can't eat!" declared Bunny scornfully.

"They can so!" insisted Sue. "My dolls can all eat! And Arabella can catch cold! Only I don't want her to catch cold, so that's why I want to get where it's nice and warm —on Jack Frost Island."

"It doesn't look very warm out there," remarked Bunny.

"It will be warm in our bungalow, 'cause Julia's going to make a fire to broil daddy's steak; aren't you?" asked Sue.

"Yes," answered the maid.

"And I'll give Arabella some," added Bunny's sister.

"How's she going to eat—she can't open her mouth?" the little boy insisted.

"Arabella can open her mouth and eat just as well as your wooden rocking horse can!"

"How about that, Bunny?" asked his father, with a laugh.

"Oh, I guess maybe when I was littler I thought my rocking horse could eat grass," admitted the boy. "But I know now, he can't."

"Well, Arabella can eat and she can catch cold, only I hope she doesn't get the snuffles," was the way Sue ended the talk. "And I hope we get to Jack Frost Island soon."

"We'll drive over as soon as we buy some groceries in the town," decided Mrs. Brown. Though many things had been brought in the sled, there were some that remained to be purchased in Towako.

It did not take long to get what was needed, and while Mrs. Brown and Julia were attending to this, Mr. Brown and Mr. Jackson made sure, by asking, that the ice in the lake between the mainland and the island was thick enough to hold a team of horses.

"Plenty thick," was the answer of the men who knew. "Teams from the lumber camp on the island come over two or three times a week."

A little later Bunny and Sue were looking with eager eyes as they made the journey over the frozen lake toward the island, the green trees of which loomed nearer and nearer each minute.

"Oh, what a lovely place!" exclaimed Sue as the sleigh was driven up on the island by a road that seemed to lead right up off the surface of the ice and snow-covered lake.

"Yes, I think it will be fine here for us," agreed Mrs. Brown.

"But where is the bungalow?" Bunny inquired.

"Right off there, through the trees, to the left," answered his father.

The sled glided along to the jingle of bells on the horses, and they were soon in front of the house where Bunny and Sue were to live for several weeks. It was a warm bungalow, and, as the team stopped, a woman opened the door. She was the wife of one of the lumbermen, and Mr. Brown had written to her to have a fire built, which she had done.

"It's nice and warm in here!" exclaimed

Mrs. Brown, as she went in, followed by the children and Julia.

"Yes, it's very cozy," agreed Mrs. Blake, the lumberman's wife. "I think you'll find everything all right. And now I must get back and cook my husband's dinner." Several of the men lived in the lumber camp, Mr. Brown said.

"I'm going to take Arabella out by the fire," declared Sue, making her way toward the kitchen with Julia after Mrs. Blake had left.

Bunny was looking about the place, wondering where his room would be, so he could bring in his skates, sled and other toys. Mr. Brown was helping Mr. Jackson unload the sled.

As Sue went toward the kitchen range in which a warm fire was glowing and while Julia and Mrs. Brown were looking in the pantries, from upstairs came a sound as though some one were walking around the rooms.

"Who is in here?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I thought Mrs. Blake went home."

"She did," said Julia.

"But some one is upstairs!" went on the children's mother.

"Maybe it's Uncle Toby!" cried Sue, with shining eyes. "Oh, I hope it is!"

"Uncle Toby!" cried Bunny, coming in just then. "How could Uncle Toby be here? We left him back in Bellemere."

"Well, somebody is upstairs," said Julia.

"And there shouldn't be," added Mrs. Brown. "For we have this bungalow all to ourselves."

Again the noise sounded—just as if some one with heavy boots were thumping around.

"Call your father, Bunny," said Mrs. Brown.

CHAPTER VIII

UPSIDE DOWN

BUNNY BROWN knew something was the matter. His mother never asked him to call his father, speaking in the voice she had just used, unless she was a bit worried. And now, as the noise upstairs sounded again—just like some one walking around up there—it was proper that Mr. Brown should be called in to see what it was.

"Get Mr. Jackson, too," suggested Sue.

"I will," said Bunny, as he ran out to the front of the bungalow where his father and the driver were still unloading the sleigh.

"You'll be driving right back, I suppose," Mr. Brown was saying to Mr. Jackson.

"Yes. I want to get back before dark," was the answer.

"But you'll stay and have dinner with us," went on Bunny's father. "I told Mrs. Blake

to get everything ready so we could have a hot meal when we arrived, and I think she did so."

Just then Bunny hurried out of the bungalow, and the little boy's face showed that he was excited about something.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Brown.

"There's somebody walking around upstairs!" gasped Bunny, a little out of breath, for he had run through the house. "It isn't Mrs. Blake," he went on, "'cause she's gone home."

"Maybe it's Uncle Toby," broke in the voice of Sue, for she had followed her brother out to where her father stood in the snow.

"It couldn't be him!" insisted Bunny.

"No," agreed Mr. Brown, "I don't see how it could be. That frail old man could never have walked all the way here from Bellemere. He is still with Mr. Jilson. But I'll see who is up in our bungalow, Bunny."

"It might be some woman who came over to help Mrs. Blake, and she is up there making the beds," suggested Mr. Jackson.

To this Mr. Brown made no answer, but

when he had joined his wife and Julia in the kitchen, they all heard the thumping noise over their heads.

Mr. Brown hurried up the front stairs. Bunny and Sue wanted to go with him, but their mother held them back.

"Who is up here?" the children heard their father call.

There was no answer.

"Who is here?" cried Mr. Brown again, now at the head of the stairs.

No answer, but again that thumping sound.

"Is any one up here?" Mr. Brown called again.

Then, to the surprise of every one, a long, mournful miaow! sounded throughout the bungalow.

"It's a cat!" cried Bunny Brown.

"A little pussy! Oh, I want it for mine!" exclaimed Sue.

Again came the mournful miaow, and Mr. Brown laughed as he went into the upper hall, looking into the various bedrooms. Knowing now there was nothing to harm them, Bunny and Sue followed him, and in

one of the rooms, where the rug was rolled up in the corner, leaving the floor bare, was a big maltese cat with its head fast in a round salmon can that had been opened to take out the fish.

"Oh, the poor thing!" cried Mrs. Brown, who had followed her husband and the children upstairs in time to see Mr. Brown catch the cat and take the can off its head. The cat gave a grateful little mew and then began purring in Mr. Brown's arms.

"Oh, isn't she lovely?" murmured Sue, reaching up to stroke the soft fur.

"May we keep her?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know whose cat she is," said Mr. Brown. "But she certainly made a lot of noise."

"Sounded like a man with boots on," declared Julia.

"Mrs. Blake opened a can of salmon for our lunch," said Mrs. Brown. "The cat must have got in somehow and tried to clean out the tin. She put her head in too far and couldn't get it out, and then, frightened, she ran upstairs."

"Well, she's all right now," said Mr. Brown, letting Sue take the pussy in her arms, where the cat snuggled down contentedly.

They went downstairs, Julia taking the empty tin which had been licked almost clean by the cat's tongue before her head was caught.

"Oh, isn't it nice to have a cat the first day we are in our new bungalow!" exclaimed Sue.

"Are we going to keep her?" asked Bunny.

Mrs. Brown was just going to answer when the kitchen door opened and in came Mrs. Blake.

"Oh, there's my cat!" exclaimed the lumberman's wife. "I missed her as soon as I got home, and I thought maybe she had followed me over here this morning. What have you been doing, Martha?" she asked, rubbing the cat's head as she nestled in Sue's arms.

"Oh, is she your cat?" asked Sue, in disappointment.

"Yes, my dear," answered Mrs. Blake, "she is. But if you like her you may come over and play with her as much as you like.

I live only a short way down the road."

She took her pet in her arms, Bunny and Sue watching Martha as though they did not like to see her leave. Then Sue and Bunny together told Mrs. Blake how and where they had found the cat.

"The children love animals," explained Mrs. Brown.

"So do I," said Mrs. Blake. "Well, you'll probably see all of Martha you want, for she's a great visitor. She used to be over here at this bungalow half the time in the summer when it was rented to a family who had three children. Martha loves children."

Bunny and Sue felt better after hearing this, knowing they would see the cat again, and Mrs. Brown was just as well pleased not to have the care of a pet so soon on coming into a new place.

"I hope she doesn't get her head in any more salmon cans," said Mr. Brown, as he went back to help Mr. Jackson finish unloading the sleigh.

"She ought to know better," said Mrs. Blake, as she hurried off down the path

through the woods on Jack Frost Island. "She was caught that way once before."

The work of getting settled in the bungalow went on quickly after Julia and Mrs. Brown had got the noon meal, to which Mr. Jackson was invited. During dinner, Bunny and Sue talked about what they were going to do, and also spoke of Uncle Toby.

"I wonder if he's any better," said Bunny.

"He isn't so very sick," answered Mrs. Brown. "It's just that his mind isn't strong and he can't remember his or his brother's name. Perhaps, when we go back home, he will be himself again."

"But we aren't going home right away, are we?" asked Sue, who had given her doll something to eat and put her out near the kitchen fire to get thoroughly warm.

"Oh, no! We are going to stay here several weeks," said her mother.

That afternoon Bunny and Sue were allowed to walk down the island road toward the place where a sawmill had been set up to cut into boards the trees that the lumbermen felled. Mr. Jackson had gone back to Belle-

mere, promising to come and get the family whenever they sent him word.

Through the silent woods, white with snow, echoed the sounds of the cutting axes and the ripping, whining sound of the saw as it tore through the big logs. Bunny and Sue did not go too near the big, whirring saw.

There were a number of men engaged in cutting timber for Mr. Brown, and he had to see that everything was going on right. He would be kept busy during the time they were on Jack Frost Island.

Bunny and Sue found so many things to look at and wonder about that it began to grow dark almost before they knew it, and they had to hurry back to the bungalow.

"Because," as Sue said to her brother, "we don't want to be lost."

"No. Anyway, not on the first day," agreed Bunny. "But I guess I could find my way all over this island. It isn't so very big."

"Well, I don't want to be lost," said Sue so the two hurried back to the bungalow.

Warm and cozy it was inside, and after supper the children played a little with some

of their toys and then were ready for bed. The long ride through the cool, clean air had made them sleepy much earlier than usual.

Bunny had a room on one side of the chamber occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Sue was in one across the hall. Up the stairs the brother and sister went, talking of what they would do next day.

Bunny quickly undressed and, looking at the soft bed, decided he would jump in instead of crawling in gently. So he gave a leap. At once there was a loud banging noise and the little boy felt himself sinking down.

"What was that?" called his mother from Sue's room, where she had gone to see that the little girl was all right.

"I—I now—I did it!" faltered Bunny.

"What did you do?" asked his mother, going into his room.

"I—now—I—jumped on the bed, and it fell down," explained Bunny, from the midst of a mass of blankets, quilts and pillows on the floor.

One side of his bed had pulled loose from the head and had fallen, because of Bunny's

leap, and that had caused the big noise. But no one was hurt and no damage was done, and Mr. Brown soon put the bed together again.

"Only, next time, don't jump so hard," he warned the little boy.

"I won't," Bunny promised.

"I thought it was that cat again!" and Sue laughed.

"It's a good thing it didn't happen in the middle of the night," said Mrs. Brown. "It would have alarmed us all. Now go to sleep, both of you."

This Bunny Brown did, also his sister Sue.

The sun was shining brightly the next morning when the two children awakened, and after a breakfast of oatmeal and cream, pancakes with maple sugar, they got out some of their toys to have fun. Bunny wanted to try his skates, but as the ice of the lake was covered with snow, he would have to wait until a thaw and a freeze, or else until part of the lake's surface could be scraped clean of snow, Mr. Brown said.

"Well, I'll get my skates all ready," said Bunny. So he sat down on the side porch,

near which was a big drift of snow, and began rubbing the rust off the runners with a bit of emery cloth.

Sue brought one of her dolls out on the porch and left it there while she went in to get another. Then a spirit of mischief entered Bunny Brown. As Sue came out with the second doll, her brother caught up a handful of snow and began rubbing it on the face of the doll on the porch.

"Now, Bunny Brown, you stop that!" cried Sue.

"It'll do her good!" laughed Bunny, rubbing more snow on the doll's face. "It will make her have red cheeks!"

"Stop it! Stop!" cried Sue, stamping one foot on the porch.

"Just a bit more!" teased Bunny.

He rubbed on another fistful of snow, and then, all of a sudden, Sue ran toward her brother's skates, and, catching them up, she tossed them into the middle of the deep bank of soft snow.

"Hey! What you doing?"

"Well, if you wash my Netta's face with

snow, I'll throw your skates in a drift!" snapped Sue. And that is just what she had done.

"Oh, I was only playing!" said Bunny.

"So was I playing!" announced his sister. "Now you can dig in the snow for your old skates!"

Bunny went over to the drift and reached down into the hole the skates had made as they fell. But the snow was soft and the skates had fallen all the way to the bottom.

The little boy leaned over as far as he could, and then, all of a sudden, he lost his balance and fell, head first, upside down, into the drift, so that only his feet stuck out!

CHAPTER IX

THE SNOW HOUSE

SUE BROWN was so surprised at first, on seeing her brother slip head first into the bank of snow after his skates, that she did not know what to do. But as Bunny remained there, his head out of sight and his feet feebly wiggling in the air, Sue knew that something must be wrong.

"Bunny! Bunny!" she cried, standing on the porch and holding the doll whose face Bunny had washed with snow, making the poor thing quite wet. "Bunny, come out of that!"

No answer from Bunny Brown.

"Come on out!" cried Sue again. "Pick up your skates and come out of the snow! Don't stand on your head to tease me!"

Still no answer from Bunny Brown.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Sue, a little frightened

now. "Won't you come out of there and play with me, Bunny? I'll let you rub all the snow you like on Netta."

Still Bunny did not reply, and all he did was to wave his legs and feet in such a funny way!

"Bunny! Bunny!" Sue was screaming now.

"What is it?" asked her mother, running out of the bungalow.

"Bunny's upside down in a snowbank and he won't talk to me and he won't come out!" wailed Sue, who was now crying.

Mrs. Brown rushed toward the snowbank, and just then Bunny spoke. Or, at least, queer sounds came from where his head was down in the soft snow.

"Glub! Wub! Dub!" cried Bunny Brown. Or at least it sounded like that.

"How in the world did Bunny get in there, Sue?" asked her mother as she grasped the little boy's legs and began pulling on them to lift him out of the drift. "What game were you playing?"

"We weren't zackly playing a game," admitted Sue, ceasing her sobs now that she

knew her mother would make everything right. "But Bunny rubbed my Netta's face with snow and he wouldn't stop; so I threw his skates in the snow and he went in after them."

"He must have toppled over and gone down head first into the drift," said Mrs. Brown.

By this time she had pulled Bunny out. It was high time, too, for the little fellow's face, mouth, and nose had been buried in the soft snow, and he could hardly breathe. He was almost smothered for a few seconds.

But he was soon all right after his mother turned him up and stood him on his feet. Bunny's breath came with a gasp and he cried:

"I couldn't reach 'em! Sue's got to get 'em for me!"

"Get what?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"My skates!" declared Bunny. "They're so far down I couldn't reach 'em and——"

He made a move to pull away from his mother's grasp.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get my skates!" Bunny tried to reach the drift again, but his mother held him firmly.

"No, my dear! You mustn't stand on your head in a snowdrift again," she said. "You're all white now. I'll get the broom and poke the skates out for you."

This, with the help of Julia, she did, though it was not easy, for the skates kept slipping under the snow.

"Now don't do anything like this again," warned Mrs. Brown to the two children as she went back in the bungalow. "It isn't at all nice."

"Well, I'll let his skates alone if he lets my dolls alone," promised Sue.

"You said I could wash her face as much as I wanted to if I'd come out," said Bunny, with a laugh. "That was when I was in the drift on my head. But I heard you say that."

"Well, I—I was scared," stated Sue. "And I thought you were never coming out."

"I kind of thought so myself," replied Bunny. "But I won't wash your doll's face any more, Sue."

"And I'll help you polish your skates" she said.

So the two forgot their little quarrel and were soon playing nicely together on the porch, Sue having put her dolls to sleep so she could help Bunny rub the rust off his skates with polishing emery cloth.

A day or so after this some of the lumbermen with a plow made of boards and drawn by a horse, cleared a place on the lake, scraping away the snow. The foreman of the lumber camp had heard that Bunny and Sue wanted to skate but could not with snow covering the ice. So he told some of his men to make a place for them by scraping.

"Now we'll have some fun!" cried Bunny as he hastened down to the little cleared spot with his polished skates.

Sue also had a pair, but she was not so good a skater as her brother, and she fell down several times. But she was so well bundled up that she did not get hurt.

Then Bunny held her up while he taught her some of the first motions in learning to skate and after that Sue did better.

For two or three days after that the children spent several hours a day on the skating pond, coming in with cheeks like red roses. They wandered about the woods of Jack Frost Island, and often went with their father to watch the men cutting trees or sawing the logs into boards.

One afternoon Bunny got his sled and announced that he was going to look for a coasting hill. He saw Sue sitting on the side porch with some bread and butter.

"Are you having a picnic?" asked Bunny.

"My family are," answered Sue, for she had three of her dolls with her. "I'm giving them bread and butter."

"Want to come coasting with me?" asked Bunny, sitting down beside his sister.

"Soon as I finish feeding my children," she answered.

She broke off little bits of bread and pretended to put them in the dolls' mouths. But Bunny noticed that it was Sue who really did the eating.

For some little time Bunny sat waiting for

his sister to finish with her dolls, so she could put them to bed and come coasting with him. All of a sudden Sue turned to where she had laid half a slice of bread and butter and exclaimed:

"Give it to me, Bunny Brown!"

"Give you what?" he asked.

"My bread," and Sue looked hurt.

"I haven't got your dolls' bread!" declared Bunny.

"Oh, Bunny Brown, you have so!" exclaimed Sue. "It was right here on the porch, and you took it when my back was turned! You may have half of it if you're hungry," she went on kindly; "but give me the other piece."

"Honestly," said Bunny very seriously, "I didn't take a bit of that bread, Sue! Look!" He opened his mouth wide so his sister might look all the way down his throat. There was no sign of any bread having been lately chewed on his teeth.

"You have it behind your back!" accused the little girl.

Bunny held out his hands and even stood up so Sue could look on the porch. There was no bread to be seen.

"But who did take it, Bunny?"

"I don't know!" he answered.

Just then there was a chattering sound and a little gray animal, with a big, bushy tail, scampered across the path and up the side of a tree.

"Look at that squirrel!" cried Bunny. "He's got your bread!"

And, sure enough, the squirrel had what was left of the slice of bread and butter in his mouth.

"Oh, did he take it?" exclaimed Bunny's sister.

"He has it, anyhow!" said Bunny. "He must have sneaked up here on the porch behind us when we weren't looking, and then he took it."

Very likely that is how it happened. At any rate, the squirrel had the bread, and then he sat up in the crotch of the tree, his tail curled over his back, and he ate with quick

chews of his jaws, his bright eyes, meanwhile, looking at Bunny and Sue.

"He's cute!" exclaimed Sue. "I don't care if he did take my bread and butter."

"Well, I knew I hadn't touched it!" declared Bunny.

"Come on down, little squirrel, and I'll give you some more!" offered Sue. "I mean I'll go into the house and get some."

But the gray animal seemed to have had enough for the present, and when he had nibbled down half the bread, he carried the rest of it higher in the tree.

"He's taking it to his nest," said Bunny.

"I wish he'd come down and see us again," sighed Sue.

Two days later, when Sue and Bunny had put some nuts which one of the lumbermen had given the children down on the porch, the squirrel came and got them. After that he came for several days and grew very tame, so that he would take nuts and bits of bread or cookies from the fingers of the children.

They named the squirrel Butter, both because he was so fat and plump and because he had first been seen eating bread and butter. And all during the time the children stayed on Jack Frost Island they fed Butter nearly every day, usually on nuts.

One night, after a day of fun sliding downhill and doing some skating on the cleared place of the lake, Bunny and Sue were so tired that they went to bed early.

Bunny was the first out of bed the next morning. He ran to the window of his room, looked out, and at once gave a shout of delight.

"What's the matter?" cried Sue from across the hall.

"Look at it snow!" said Bunny. "It's a bigger storm than when we found Uncle Toby!"

And, sure enough, the white flakes were swirling down thick and fast.

"I know what I'm going to do after breakfast!" exclaimed Bunny, hurrying into his clothes.

"What?" asked Sue, who was also dressing quickly.

"We'll make a snow house!" cried Bunny.

So after they had eaten and put on their rubber boots and warm coats, the children took shovels and began to make a house of snow. They piled up great heaps of the soft stuff, cutting it away here and there, and putting tree branches and sprays of evergreens across the side walls for a roof, which, later, would be covered with snow.

"This is going to be a fine house!" Bunny declared.

"And we can play in it!" added Sue.

But neither of them guessed what was going to happen in the snow house.

CHAPTER X

JENNIE JONES IS LOST

WORKING hard with the shovels, Bunny and Sue at last managed to get up the four sides of their snow house.

All the while the white flakes were sifting down from the sky, but the little boy and his sister did not mind them. They liked the feeling of the cold, white crystals on their warm, red cheeks.

"When are we going to put the roof on?" asked Sue as she leaned on the handle of her shovel to rest herself, for she was a bit tired from having helped to make the walls.

"Oh, pretty soon," her brother answered. He, too, was a bit weary. And "pretty soon" the two children started work on the roof.

"I guess we'll have to put more sticks there," and Bunny pointed to where he had

THE SNOW HOUSE WAS NEARLY FINISHED,

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue on Jack Frost Island. *Page* 101

started to lay tree branches across the side walls.

"Christmas tree branches will be better," declared Sue. "The snow won't fall through them so easily." She called the evergreens—the firs, pines, spruces, and hemlocks—all "Christmas trees," for so they seemed.

"Yes," agreed Bunny, "I guess those branches will be best."

There were plenty of them at hand, and the children were soon stripping them off to finish their house. With the branches for a roof foundation, the snow was piled on top and the snow house was nearly finished.

"Except I think it had better have a window in it," remarked Sue. "All houses have a window."

"I'll make one," said Bunny. He had already cut a door in one of the side walls, and he and Sue found they could easily crawl in and out of this. The door was not high enough for them to stand up straight and walk into their white bungalow.

"But I'm going to do something else before I make the window," declared Bunny.

"What you going to do?" his sister wanted to know. "Are you going to make a snow man?"

"Not now. But we can to-morrow, maybe. What I'm going to do now is to go and ask Julia for some cookies," answered Bunny. "I'm hungry."

Sue said she was also, and she said she would go to the house with her brother and get her dolls as well as some cookies.

"Then we can have a picnic," she added.

Julia and Mrs. Brown were busy in the bungalow when the children entered to ask for cookies, and did not pay much attention to what Bunny and Sue were doing.

Carrying three dolls, while Bunny held the bag of cookies, Sue hurried out to the snow house, intent on having a play party. She took part of an old bedquilt with her, so her dolls would not have to sleep on the cold snow floor of the house.

"First I'll make believe I'm a man eating his noon dinner," said Bunny, "and then I'll make the window."

"And I'll be the lady of the house and I

hired you to make the window for me," said Sue, carrying out the play idea.

So Bunny sat down on a heap of snow outside the house and began nibbling on the cookies Julia had given him, while inside the house Sue also ate cookies, pretended to feed her dolls, and made up a warm bed for her toy children.

At last Bunny, the "working man," finished his lunch, and then, rising and stretching as he had seen others do, he picked up his shovel and called to the "lady of the house," who was his sister Sue.

"Where do you want this window made, lady?" asked Bunny.

Sue came outside and pretended to be uncertain about it. She looked first at one side of the snow house and then at the other side before she said:

"I think I'll have the window made here," and she pointed to the side nearest the bungalow.

"All right, ma'am," answered Bunny, and he was starting to make the opening with his shovel when Sue exclaimed:

"Oh, wait a minute, workman!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Bunny. "What's the matter, lady?"

"I think I'll have the window made here," and Sue walked around to the other side of the house and pointed there. There was no use in trying to make a window at the back of the house, as that was close against a big tree.

"All right, lady," Bunny answered, as he had heard real workmen at his father's house talk to his mother when she wanted something done. "But are you sure now? I don't want to get the window in wrong," continued Bunny.

Sue pretended to be thinking hard about it. She looked first with her head on one side and then with her head on the other side, and at last she remarked:

"No, I guess you'd better put the window where we said first—on the side nearest Mrs. Brown's bungalow," for so Sue spoke of her mother.

"All right!" said Bunny again. He was very good-natured about it, I think. "Now

you go in the house and look after your children," he went on, "and I'll have this window cut in before you know it."

So Sue went back to play with her dolls, while Bunny, grasping the shovel, started to cut the window.

Bunny whistled as he worked, and once in a while broke into song. Deeper and deeper he cut into the snow wall, and at last he felt his shovel go all the way through.

"Oh!" faintly screamed Sue from within.

"It's all right, ma'am," said Bunny, pretending to speak in a deep, gruff voice. "It's only the workman cutting the window."

"Oh," said Sue. "I thought maybe it was a burglar."

"No, it's just me," said Bunny Brown. "I mean the workman."

When a small hole had been made through the side of the show house, it was an easy matter to make it larger and cut the edges square, so it looked more like a window.

"If I could get a thin sheet of ice I could put that in the window and make believe it was glass," thought Bunny to himself as he

dug away with his shovel. "That would be fine—a snow house and ice windows. I'll go and look for some when I get through here."

Perhaps Bunny was thinking so much about the ice window that he paid little heed to where his shovel went. In this way, he must have cut more deeply into the snow wall of the white house than he intended to. At any rate, he cut away too much of the snow side before he knew it, and all of a sudden something happened.

Sue, who was inside putting one of her dolls to sleep, rocking it back and forth in her arms and singing a lullaby, felt some snow dropping on her from between the green tree branches overhead.

"Oh, Bunny! Look out!" she cried. "You're jiggling the roof!"

Bunny did not hear and he thought everything was all right; so he drove his shovel into the side wall to cut away the last bit of snow from the edge of the window. That broke the wall so it was too weak to hold up the roof.

In an instant the snow house fell, crumbling

up in a heap and burying Sue inside. Bunny was so surprised for the moment that he did not know what to say nor what to do. He just stood there looking at the toppled-in snow house.

Then he remembered that Sue was inside. He had not seen her run out, and he shouted: "Sue! Sue! Where are you?"

He heard her muffled voice answering him, but he could not tell what was said. But Bunny knew his sister was under that pile of snow and branches.

Bunny also knew that he must dig his sister out. He seized his shovel and began scattering the snow. It was too bad the house had fallen in, but they could build another.

"I'll get you out, Sue! I'll get you out!" called Bunny to Sue, though he could not see her.

From the window of the bungalow Mrs. Brown looked out and saw what had happened. A little while before she had seen the completed snow house. Now it was but a heap of ruins. She also saw Bunny digging away very fast, but she did not see Sue. At

once Mrs. Brown guessed what had happened.

"Where is Sue?" she called to Bunny as she hurried out of the bungalow.

"Under there!" and Bunny pointed to a heap of snow and branches.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed the children's mother. Then, taking up Sue's shovel, which the little girl had dropped when she went in the snow house to play with her dolls, Mrs. Brown began to help Bunny dig.

Luckily, the tree branches used for the roof had held the sides of the house from falling too closely over Sue. She was really in a little shelter formed by the boughs, with snow on the outside of them. When this snow had been shoveled away, Mrs. Brown and Bunny saw the little girl lying stretched out.

"Are you hurt?" asked her mother, dropping her shovel and seizing Sue's arms. "Are you hurt, dear?"

"No, I'm all right," Sue answered, and then she began to laugh, for she had been a bit frightened at first, and now this had passed over. She was little the worse for having had a snow house fall on her.

"How did it happen?" asked Mrs. Brown, as Sue stepped out on the place that had been cleared of snow.

"I was making a window," Bunny answered, "and I guess I made it too big. Anyway, all of a sudden the whole thing caved in."

"I told him snow was coming down off the roof onto me," said Sue, as she brushed away some of the white flakes from the doll she held in her arms. "But he wouldn't stop."

"I had to make the window, didn't I?" asked Bunny.

Sue did not answer. She suddenly turned and looked at the ruins of the snow house. Then she cried excitedly:

"Oh, where is Jennie Jones? Get Jennie Jones out! She's in there!"

CHAPTER XI

SUE'S VISITOR

MRS. BROWN, who had dropped the shovel when she saw her little daughter safely out of the ruins of the snow house, now picked it up again and began rapidly digging in the pile of white stuff.

Meanwhile, Sue began tossing aside branches with her hands, having laid her doll down on Bunny's shovel, which the little boy had dropped when he saw that his sister was safe.

"We must get Jennie Jones out!" cried Sue.

By this time Julia, who had followed Mrs. Brown out of the bungalow, was near what was left of the snow house, and she asked her mistress what the matter was, for she could see that Bunny and Sue were safe.

"There's a little girl under this pile of snow," answered Mrs. Brown, still shoveling

away. "One of Sue's playmates named Jennie Jones is under here, though I didn't know there was any little girl named Jennie Jones on this island."

Sue looked at her mother on hearing this, and stopped pulling out the tree branches that had formed the roof of the house she and Bunny had made.

"Mother," explained Sue, "Jennie Jones isn't a real little girl."

"She isn't?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Who is she, then?"

"She's one of my dolls. She's in under that snow and I want to get her out before she catches cold."

"One of your dolls?" gasped Mrs. Brown, leaning on the shovel.

"Yes," went on Sue. "I named her that only a little while ago. She used to be Sally Waters, but I didn't like that name, so I changed it to Jennie Jones. Please help get her out."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the mother of the children, and she smiled with relief. "The idea of getting me excited thinking a

little girl was under that snow, and it's only a doll!"

"Yes, my doll—Jennie Jones," added Sue.

"No wonder I didn't know, if you are going to change the names of your dolls," said Mrs. Brown. "I know most of them," she said to Julia, "but this one was new. I thought it must have been some lumberman's child."

"That's what I thought," said Julia.

"Well, one of the men has a little girl named Sally, and I don't like her because she laughs at me when I can't do all the country things she can do. So I changed Sally Waters' name so she wouldn't be Sally, too. But please get Jennie Jones out," begged Sue. "I love her just the same if she has only one eye, and I like her better since I've named her Jennie Jones."

"I knew there wasn't any little girl under there except Sue," said Bunny. "I knew it all the while."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" asked his mother.

"I—I was sort of out of breath," was

Bunny's reason. "But I'll help dig out Sue's doll now."

He began shoveling again, and with Sue pulling out the snow-covered branches and Julia using the shovel Mrs. Brown had been digging with, they soon got to what had been the floor of the snow house.

There, in a little nook formed by some interlaced evergreen boughs, Bunny found his sister's doll, Jennie Jones, one eye and all. She was not in the least hurt, or, if she was, she said nothing about it.

"Oh, you poor darling!" murmured Sue as she clasped her make-believe child in her arms. "I guess you thought you would have to stay forever under the snow. You poor dear!"

"She could come out in the spring, when the snow melted," said Bunny, who was quite matter of fact at times.

"But that would be a terribly long while," sighed Sue. "I'm glad I got her now. Arabella and Netta would have missed her, too!"

"And I'm glad it was only a doll, and not a little girl who was under the snow," said

Mrs. Brown as she went back to the bungalow with Julia. "I wouldn't build any more snow houses just now if I were you," she told the children.

"No, I guess we won't," Bunny said. "It's too much work, 'specially when they fall down."

"One of my cookies is in there yet," went on Sue. "Do you s'pose you could dig it out, Bunny?"

"Never mind about that," said Julia. "Come up to the house and I'll give you more cookies."

So Bunny and Sue ate these and then, Sue leaving her dolls in the warm living room, she and her brother went down the road to meet their father who would soon be coming back from the lumber camp, since it was now about dinner time.

There was a well-beaten path from the bungalow where the Brown family lived on Jack Frost Island to the lumber camp. This camp was made up of a number of what the men called "shacks." these being rough

wooden buildings where the tree-cutters and sawmill men lived. There were shacks for the men to sleep in and a larger building where they ate at long wooden tables. Bunny and Sue on their visits to the camp thought nothing smelled half so good as the food cooked in the woods. They had begged their father to let them have one meal with the lumbermen, and he had said they might some day.

It was on this road that Bunny and Sue were now walking to meet their father who came home to the noon dinner. The snow had ceased now, though a great deal had fallen, covering the ground farther from sight beneath the white mantle. The branches of the evergreen trees were heavy with the white crystals.

Sue, who was a little ahead of Bunny, he having stopped to peer into a hole beneath a gnarled stump, saw the figure of a man coming along around a turn in the path.

"Here's daddy!" she called to her brother, and she began to run toward him. The man

had turned his back toward the little girl, and was kneeling down to tie the lacing of his big boots.

"I'm going to scare him!" thought Sue to herself. "I'll sneak up and jump on his back and holler 'Boo!' at him."

She began to steal forward. The man was still kneeling in the snow, tying his lace and with his back toward the children. Sue was soon close enough to leap, and she hurled herself forward, landing heavily on the man.

"Boo! Boo!" yelled Sue.

The man sprang up so suddenly when he felt Sue land on him, that he would have knocked the little girl off backward had he not caught hold of her legs. Then he turned so Sue could see his face, and you can imagine how surprised and ashamed she was when she noticed that it wasn't her father at all but a strange lumberman!

"Well, little girl, I thought surely you were a bob cat!" exclaimed the man, laughing as he put her down off his back.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Bunny, who had come up then and who had seen what a mistake

Sue had made. "Ho! Ho! You thought it was daddy! Ho! Ho!"

"I—I—I beg your pardon!" stammered Sue. "I didn't mean to jump on you like that. I thought it was my father."

"That's all right," said the man, still laughing. "I wish I had a little girl like you; but I haven't. You may call me Zeke if you like. That's what all the lumbermen call me, only they generally say old Zeke."

"Are you a lumberman?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, yes. I work here in the island camp."

"Where is my father?" asked Sue.

"If you are Bunny Brown and his sister Sue and if your father is named Mr. Brown, I am on my way now to give your mother a message," stated Zeke.

"Those are our names," said Bunny.

"And my father is Mr. Brown."

"Then I'm all right," chuckled Zeke. "Well, I was on my way to tell your mother that your father can't come home to dinner."

"Has anything happened to him?" asked Bunny.

"Bless your boots, no! It's just that he's so

busy about some new lumber he wants cut. He's going to stay and have his dinner with us in the lumber camp. I had to come over this way, so I said I'd stop and tell your mother so she wouldn't worry. But if you're going back home you can tell her."

"Yes, we'll tell her," promised Sue.

"If you wanted us to, we could go back with you and have dinner in the lumber camp with daddy," said Bunny.

Zeke laughed and said:

"Well, that might be all right another time, but I didn't get any orders that way; so I'd better do as I was told, and you'd better go home and tell your mother your father won't be along until nearly dark. If your father wants to bring you to the camp to see how we eat, that will be all right later on. But you'd better go home now."

Mrs. Brown and Julia had dinner ready and were just wondering what had become of Bunny and Sue when the children came hurrying in with the story of having met Zeke.

"He was nice, too!" said Bunny, laughing

as he told how Sue had jumped on his back when he was stooping over to tie his boot lacing.

"I like him," said the little girl. "But I like Uncle Toby better."

"Poor Uncle Toby," murmured Mrs. Brown. "I wonder if any of his folks have missed him and have found him at Mr. Jilson's house? I hope he finds his home."

The children talked of the old man as they ate their dinner, and made many guesses as to who he could be. But of course they could not tell.

Mrs. Brown was a little disappointed that her husband did not come home to dinner, but she knew he was very busy getting out his lumber, so it could not be helped. When Mr. Brown reached the bungalow that evening, after the children had spent the rest of the day sliding downhill, he told with laughter how Zeke had come back with the tale of a little girl who had jumped on his back.

"Did I scare him?" asked Sue.

"He says he at first thought that you were a bob cat," chuckled her father.

Bunny and Sue were greatly excited a little later that evening when their father said he thought there would be a thaw in a few days, and that then the lake would freeze over again and there would be plenty of ice for skating and ice boating.

"There are a couple of ice boats in the little cove near the lumber camp," went on Mr. Brown, "and Zeke says they can be fixed up to go."

"Will you take us for a ride?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Brown.

It was about the middle of the night, when Bunny was dreaming that he was captain of an ice boat which sailed like an aeroplane, that the little boy was suddenly awakened by hearing his sister call softly:

"Mother! Mother! There's some one in my room! Come and get him out!"

CHAPTER XII

THE ICE BOAT RACE

FOR a few moments Bunny Brown remained quietly in his bed, for he was not quite sure that it really was Sue who had spoken. He thought perhaps he had dreamed of her voice while on the dream ice boat.

But, as he lay there, once more he heard her murmur:

"Mother, there is somebody in my room! He's walking around and he's making a lot of noise."

This time Bunny was certain his sister was talking. And he could also hear a noise in her room—a thumping, rattling noise. Still the little boy did not get up. For often in the night he had been awakened by hearing his sister ask for a drink, and then he would hear either his father or his mother get up and take Sue a glass of water. She had not called very loudly.

"Maybe it's a drink of water she wants now, and she's been dreaming, just as I have," thought Bunny. "I guess she just thinks there is some one in her room."

But then he happened to remember that he, too, had heard a noise. Still he did not get up, for he thought perhaps his mother would attend to matters.

Sue called again, this time more loudly.

"Mother! Mother! Daddy!" she exclaimed in a vigorous tone of voice. "Will you please come and get something out of my room. It's keeping me awake."

Sue wasn't frightened, but when she went to bed she wanted to sleep and she did not like to be bothered by noises or by strange visitors. Neither did Bunny. But Mrs. Brown and her husband seemed to be sleeping very soundly, for they did not answer.

"Mother! Daddy!" called Sue again.

When, this time, there was no reply to her call, Bunny slipped out of bed, got his bath robe off a chair and went to the door of his sister's room.

"What's the matter, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, Bunny," she answered, and she seemed glad he had come, "there is somebody in my room. I can't make mother hear."

There was a switch in the wall near the door of Sue's room, and by pushing on this the electric light could be turned on. Bunny pressed the button and the room was instantly in a glow. There was a scrambling sound in one corner! The little boy and his sister turned their eyes toward it in time to see a big gray squirrel give a jump, a bound, and reach the sill of Sue's open window.

Out of the window and into the branches of a tree growing near by leaped the squirrel with a surprised chatter, and, seeing him, and knowing now who her midnight visitor had been, Sue laughed and exclaimed:

"It was Butter!"

"Yes, I guess it was," agreed Bunny, remembering the squirrel that had taken Sue's slice of bread from the porch.

"He was playing with my shoes in the corner, that's what made the noise," went on Sue.

"Squirrels don't eat shoes nor play with them," said Bunny.

"Oh, I remember now! I dropped some nuts out of my dress pocket last night," went on Sue. "I guess Butter was after the nuts and he jiggled my shoes. That's what made it sound like somebody was walking in my room."

"I guess so," agreed Bunny. He walked over to where Sue's shoes had been placed neatly in the corner. They were some distance out now, and nut shells were scattered about, showing that Butter had been eating.

By this time Mrs. Brown had awakened. Hearing the voices of the children and seeing a light in Sue's room, she asked:

"What's the matter?"

"There was a squirrel in Sue's room," Bunny replied. "But he's out now."

"I called, but you didn't hear me, Mother," the little girl explained, and then Mrs. Brown came in to hear all about it.

"Butter is getting a little too friendly," said the children's mother. "We shall have to put screens in the windows to keep out squirrels instead of mosquitoes. But go to sleep now. He won't come in again."

The remainder of the night passed quietly, and Mr. Brown did not awaken at all. He was surprised, the next morning at the breakfast table, to hear what had happened.

"I slept soundly," he said. "I was pretty tired, but I'm all right now."

"Will you take us for a ride in the ice boat?" asked Bunny.

"We can't sail the ice boats until all the snow is off the lake," his father answered. "You need more room for them than you do to skate. It's been growing warmer for the past few days, and I shouldn't be surprised if we had rain. That will melt the snow on the lake, and when there is a clear stretch of water to freeze, that will make a good place for ice boating."

Mr. Brown's guess about the weather proved to be a good one, and the next three days were not very jolly ones for Bunny Brown and his sister Sue on Jack Frost Island. For they had to stay in the bungalow most of the time, as it rained nearly all the while, and a cold winter rain is not at all like

a warm summer rain, in which Bunny and Sue loved to play.

A great deal of the snow on the ground was melted and washed away, and the same thing happened to all the snow on the ice that had covered the lake after the first freeze.

Then, when the big stretch of water was smooth again, there came a sudden freeze and the children awakened one morning to look out on a glare of hard, smooth ice stretching from shore to shore.

"Now we can skate fine!" cried Bunny.

"And ride in the ice boats!" added his sister.

"Oh, what fun we'll have!" shouted Bunny, hurrying down to eat his breakfast.

To the delight of the children, Mr. Brown said he thought the ice on Towako Lake would be strong enough for the ice boats to be used. He promised to take the two for a ride that afternoon, as he must spend the morning at the lumber camp telling the men what kind of boards to saw out of the logs.

When Mr. Brown came home to lunch he announced that he and some of the lumber-

men would take Bunny and Sue for a ride on the ice boats that afternoon.

"There are two of them in a cove near the lumber camp," said Mr. Brown to his wife. "Would you like to come for a ride? The boats are old-fashioned, heavy and clumsy, but they'll go and you might enjoy it."

"No, thank you," she answered. "Take the children. I'll stay at home this time."

"Are they steam boats or motor boats?" Sue wanted to know, when, a little later, warmly dressed, she and Bunny were walking with their father through the woods.

"Ice boats don't go by steam—they go by wind," said Bunny, with a loud laugh.

"I should think they would go by ice," observed Sue, a bit scornfully. "A steam boat goes by steam and a motor boat goes by a gasoline motor. So why shouldn't an ice boat go by ice?"

"Argued that way, there doesn't seem to be a very good reason," her father said, with a laugh. "But Bunny is right. Ice boats move when the wind blows on a big sail. You will soon see them."

A little later he led the children off on a path that ran to one side of the lumber camp and down into a sheltered little cove. There two strange-looking boats with tall masts and sails rested on the glistening ice.

"Two boats!" cried Bunny Brown. "Are we going to sail in both of them?"

"The boats are not very large, and hold only three persons," replied his father. "So I though Zeke and I would go in one boat with Sue, and you, Bunny, can go in the other boat with two other lumbermen."

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Bunny. "I'll race you, Sue! We'll have an ice boat race!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Brown, "you can have a race."

So they got ready for it.

CHAPTER XIII

QUEER FISHING

ICE BOATS, as you very likely know, aren't like boats that sail in the water. Instead, they glide over ice on sharp, steel runners that are almost like skates, only larger.

And there is not as much room in an ice boat as there is in one that goes by steam or by a gasoline motor through the water. There is no cabin in which to sit; nothing really, but a sort of shallow box, with perhaps some rugs or fur robes to keep the passenger warm.

If you look at a capital letter T and can think of it with a little piece sticking out in front of the cross piece, you will have a good idea of how an ice boat is made. There is a runner, like a big skate at the bottom of the letter, and just over this runner is a platform, or box, where the passengers sit and where

the man who steers the boat also sits, for the rear runner moves from side to side like the rudder of a motor boat, and thus the ice boat is steered. At the place where the two parts of the T cross the mast is placed, and to this mast is fastened the sail, which is, in shape, like the sail on some of the boats you have seen.

"And they've got skates up here, too!" exclaimed Sue as she and Bunny looked at the two ice boats standing in the little sheltered cove of Towako Lake. She pointed to the ends of the cross-pieces of the boats, the parts that are like the top of the letter T.

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Brown, who had been talking with some of the lumbermen who were going to sail the boats. "There must be three runners, or skates as you call them, Sue, on each boat. One at the tail end, which moves so the boat can be steered, and one at each arm of the cross-piece."

"But a boat doesn't always run on the three skates," said Bunny.

"Why doesn't it?" asked Sue.

"'Cause," answered her brother, "I saw a

picture where an ice boat was turning around a curve and it was only on two runners. One of these was up in the air," and he pointed to the two on the cross-piece.

"Do they do that?" Sue asked. "I mean tip over like that?"

"They do if they are sailed too fast going around a curve," her father told the little girl.

Mr. Brown knew how to sail boats in the water, but he did not know so much about ice craft, so he was satisfied to let the lumbermen manage these two. It was not part of the lumbermen's business to go ice boating. They did it only for fun, and, as a matter of fact, both the *Icicle* and the *Snowball,* which were the names of these two boats, were home-made affairs, crude and rough.

"But they're strong," said Zeke.

"And they won't break if they tip over," added one of the two men who was to sail the *Icicle,* the boat in which Bunny was going to race with Sue and his father.

"Oh, do you think we'll tip over?" asked Sue.

"No! He was thinking about the time when

we had a race in a gale of wind!" explained Zeke. "There isn't breeze enough now to upset us."

This made Sue feel better, though Bunny announced that he wished it would blow as hard as ever it could.

"I wouldn't be afraid of upsetting!" said the little boy.

"I'm not so sure of that, if it came," laughed his father.

The children spent some little time walking about the ice boats in the cove, looking at the big sails and noting the three skate-like runners and the handle, or helm, by which the back one was turned.

Into the small, shallow boxes at the rear of each boat, the lumbermen piled some heavy woolen blankets. Then Mr. Brown said:

"All aboard, children! We don't want to waste too much time!"

Bunny started to get into the *Icicle* while Sue walked toward the *Snowball,* but she paused before getting in and asked:

"Where are the seats?"

"They don't use seats in an ice boat," explained Zeke. "You just stretch out on the blankets. You see, little miss," he went on, "if you were to sit up straight you might be blown out or tossed overboard when we got to going too fast. It's safer to lie down."

"Oh, all right," agreed Sue, and then she watched her father get in the little box, or cockpit, as it might be called, and snuggle down in the blankets. Mr. Brown made a place for Sue and she cuddled near him. Bunny was getting into the other boat with two men whom Zeke called Jim and Tom.

"Are you all ready now, boys?" Zeke asked the lumbermen who were to sail with Bunny.

"All ready," they replied.

"And we're going to beat in the race, too!" shouted Sue's brother.

"No, we'll beat! Sha'n't we, Daddy?" she asked.

"It's hard to tell," was the answer.

The men in charge of the ice boats now pulled on the ropes fastened to the sails, and

the big pieces of canvas that had been flapping idly in the wind swung out, held the breeze, and the two craft began moving out of the cove.

"Here we go!" cried Sue in delight.

"We're coming!" shouted Bunny, for the *Snowball* was somewhat ahead.

A half minute later the two boats were out of the cove and in the full sweep of the wind which sent them whizzing down the lake faster than the children had ever traveled before. They were going very swiftly, and Bunny, as he felt the tears come into his eyes, tears brought out by the cold breeze, wondered how fast an ice boat could go in a big wind, since they seemed to fairly fly along in what the lumbermen had said was only a little blow.

Faster and faster the *Icicle* and the *Snowball* whizzed along. There was plenty of room on Towako Lake and no likelihood of running into other craft.

"We'll race right around the island and come back to the cove!" Mr. Brown called from where he was crouched beside Sue.

"The boat that gets back to the cove first wins the race."

"That suits us!" exclaimed Jim.

"We'll beat, sha'n't we?" asked Bunny of his two new friends.

"Sure we will!" said Tom, the other lumberman.

The *Icicle* slowly crept up until it was side by side with the *Snowball,* and Sue, seeing this, said to her father:

"Oh, they're going to beat!"

"You wait, little miss," chuckled Zeke. "The race isn't over yet by a long way."

Faster the boats sailed, the steel runners scraping along on the ice, now and then cutting deep into it and sending up a spray of frozen water into the bright sunlight.

Once the wind blew so hard that one of the side runners on Sue's boat lifted up in the air.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried. "I'm going to fall off!"

"I've got hold of you," said Mr. Brown, and his arm was around his little girl.

For a time the *Icicle* went ahead of the *Snowball* and it began to look as though that

boat would win the race. But Zeke did something to the sail, Sue couldn't be sure what, and then her boat passed the one on which her brother was riding.

"We're going to beat! We're going to beat!" shouted Sue, and Bunny looked at the two lumbermen.

"Just wait!" said Tom.

When the lower end of the island was reached, the two boats were even again, and they kept this way rounding the turn and for some distance up the other shore.

"I guess nobody is going to beat," said Bunny, noticing this. "We will both get back to the cove at the same time."

"The race isn't over yet," declared Jim.

Suddenly the wind blew with a hard puff and one of the side runners of the *Icicle* raised high in the air. Bunny felt himself sliding out of the cockpit, and he yelled in alarm.

"Hold on, youngster!" cried Jim and, reaching out a hand, he grabbed Bunny by his coat just as he was shooting out of the cockpit.

"Oh!" gasped Sue's brother, as he snug-

gled down in the blankets again. "I thought I was gone!"

"It doesn't hurt to be tossed out of an ice boat," said Jim. "It's happened to me lots of times. You just slide over the ice. All you have to look out for is that you don't slide into a hole."

"The lake's well frozen over now," observed Tom. "There are no holes in it." Bunny was glad of this.

Once again the two boats were even, and they were getting toward the upper end of the island. Once this was rounded, it would be but a short distance to the cove, and the race would be over.

Suddenly Jim uttered a cry and Bunny wanted to know what the matter was.

"Look what old Zeke is doing!" said Tom. "He's heading for the passage between Jack Frost Island and the one we call Barn Door."

"That means he'll beat us," said Jim. "We'll have to go around, outside of Barn Door, and it will take longer. Zeke's got this race!"

Barn Door was the name of a small island

between Jack Frost Island and the mainland, and as Bunny saw the passage between the two islands he asked:

"If they go in between there why can't we?"

"Because our boat is bigger and wider," answered Tom. "There's just room for Zeke to squeeze through. Nobody but a good steersman like him could do it. We wouldn't dare try it. Our outer runners would tangle in the bushes on the island shores."

Bunny and the two lumbermen watched Mr. Brown, Zeke and Sue slip in between the two islands, thus taking a short cut back to the cove. And the *Icicle,* because she was larger, had to sail out and around Barn Door before she could be headed for the top of Jack Frost Island.

By the time this had been done, the *Snowball* was so far ahead that it was useless to think of catching up to her.

"I guess they'll win," said Bunny, a bit sadly.

"No doubt of it," replied Tom.

"But the next time we race we'll make a

rule that nobody can slip through between Jack Frost and Barn Door," said Jim.

"We won the race! We won!" cried Sue, capering about in delight, when the two boats were back in the cove. "We beat you, Bunny Brown!"

"Yes, I guess you did," he had to admit. "But, anyhow, we went the longest way around, so it doesn't count!"

"Doesn't it, Daddy?" asked Sue.

"Well, to be perfectly honest, we did take a little advantage," said Mr. Brown, smiling. "Bunny's boat had to go farther than ours did. But it was a good race, just the same."

"I told you we'd win!" chuckled Zeke.

The children were delighted with their ice boat ride, and the little feeling Bunny had over being beaten in the race soon wore off. The sails were lowered, the *Icicle* and the *Snowball* made fast to a dock that was frozen in the lake, and then Bunny and his sister and father went back to the bungalow.

It was a few days after this, during which time the weather had remained clear and cold, that Bunny and his sister saw their

father spreading out on a table some hooks and lines and other things.

"What are you going to do, Daddy?" asked Bunny.

"I'm going fishing," answered Mr. Brown.

"Ho!" cried Sue. "The lake's frozen over. You can't see the water. How you going to fish?"

"I'm going to fish through the ice," said her father. "Want to come and watch?"

"I do!" said Bunny.

"Fish through the ice!" murmured Sue. "That's queer! But I'd like to see it!" she added.

"Come along then," invited Mr. Brown.

So the children put on their warm coats and set out with their father.

CHAPTER XIV

SUE'S BIG FISH

MR. BROWN carried a basket, into which Bunny and Sue had seen him put the hooks, lines and some little bells on pieces of wire. The children wondered what these bells were for, but when they asked, their father told them to wait and they would see.

Besides the basket, Mr. Brown had two packages, one of which he gave to Sue to carry, handing the other to Bunny.

"Is this stuff for the fish to eat?" asked Sue, for a good smell came from her package.

"Wait and see," was all her father said.

"Shall I get the pan ready to fry the fish you catch?" asked Mrs. Brown, as the three left the bungalow.

"Better wait until we get back," her husband answered, with a laugh.

Bunny and Sue were greatly excited over this excursion. Bunny had no idea of what his father was going to do, and if his sister had ever seen any fishing through the ice, she had forgotten about it. Over the frozen lake, some distance away from the cove where the two ice boats were moored, Mr. Brown led the children, and on shore at a point of land he told Bunny and Sue to leave the two packages they carried, setting them down on a flat stump.

"I thought this was for the fish to eat," said Sue.

"No," replied her father, with a smile. "You'll find out what is in those bundles a little later."

"Anyhow," went on Sue, "I don't see how you can feed the fish through the ice."

"He can cut holes in the ice!" exclaimed Bunny, guessing how the fishing was to be done. And that is just what Mr. Brown did, not exactly to feed the fish but to catch them.

There was a hatchet, among other things, in the basket, and with this the children's father soon had chopped a number of holes

through the frozen surface of the lake. The holes were about a hundred feet apart and there were six of them.

Then, with the children to help him, for the little fellow, as well as Sue, knew something about fishlines and hooks, Mr. Brown made ready. The hooks were tied on the lines and baited with pieces of meat which Julia had given Mr. Brown. And when lead weights, or sinkers, were fastened on the lines, a little above the baited hooks, they were let down into the water.

"Are we going to stand near the holes and fish?" asked Sue. "It will be cold holding the lines."

"No, we won't need to hold the lines," her father replied.

He drove some stiff upright iron wires into the ice near the edge of each hole, and to these wires the lines were made fast. Then on top of each wire was placed one of the tinkling bells, the use of which had so puzzled Sue.

"Now I see how it is!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "When the fish bites the

hook it rings the bell, and we don't have to stand in the cold holding the lines!"

"That's it," her father said, as he and the children went from hole to hole fastening on the lines and the bells.

"This is a funny way to fish," laughed Sue. "It's like having a fish ring the front door bell."

"I like it!" declared Bunny Brown.

For a time, it seemed that no fish were going to swim along in the water under the ice until they reached the holes through which they might be pulled up. Rather anxiously, Bunny and Sue walked from one wire rod to the other. In addition to the bells, pieces of red rags had been tied on, so they would flutter when the fish took hold of the hook and jerked on the line.

All of a sudden, Sue heard a tinkle from one of the lines that she had been told to watch. She saw the piece of red rag flutter in the air.

"Oh, I've caught a fish! I've caught a fish!" she cried, jumping up and down on the ice.

"Pull him in! Pull him in!" shouted Bunny Brown. "Don't stand there like that!"

"I'm not standing here!" answered Sue. "I'm jumping for joy!"

"Well jump over to that hole and pull out your fish!" advised her father, with a laugh, and Sue did so, grasping the line firmly and hauling it in, hand over hand.

"Oh, it's a big fish!" she gasped.

When she had it out on the ice, it proved to be a pickerel, and not so very big, after all, though it was a pretty good-sized one for the little girl to catch.

"It felt a lot bigger than it is" she said, somewhat disappointed.

"Fish always do when they are in the water," her father said.

Bunny was looking at Sue's catch when, all of a sudden, one of his lines tinkled and he rushed to the hole. He was just in time, too, for the fish on the hook pulled so hard that the wire rod was loosened in the ice and would have dropped into the water in a few seconds more.

But Bunny caught hold of it and hauled in

the line, as his sister had done. He soon had a much larger fish than Sue's flopping on the ice. Then Mr. Brown caught one which was not quite so large as Sue's.

"Mine's the biggest, so far!" said Bunny proudly.

But a little later, after the hooks had been again baited and tossed back into the holes, Sue saw one of her rods bending and swaying as the bell tinkled.

"Oh, maybe I got a big fish this time!" exclaimed the little girl.

She was so eager that she fairly ran across the ice to the hole and caught hold of the line. As she strained on it she called to her father:

"I guess I've caught the biggest fish now!"

Indeed, it seemed to be a very large one, so big, in fact, that Sue could not pull it out of the water. She strained and pulled, crying:

"Come and help me, Bunny!"

But just then Bunny had another fish of his own, and he had to attend to pulling that out. So he could not go to his sister. But Mr. Brown, neither of whose hooks had any

fish on them just then, started toward his little daughter, and it was well that he did so!

Sue, trying to get a better hold on the line and bracing herself against the pull of the fish, slipped on the ice. She fell down and slid straight toward the open hole!

"Look out!" shouted her father, in alarm, though he did not believe the opening in the ice was large enough to let Sue slip through.

But Sue braced her feet out stiff, and they struck against the side of the hole, and she slid no farther. Neither did she let go of the line. And when her father reached her and helped her get up, the little girl pulled on the line and hauled out of the water a much larger pickerel than Bunny's.

"Look at my fish!" exclaimed Sue proudly.

"Yes, it is a big one," admitted Bunny, whose second catch was small. "But the fish almost caught you," he said to his sister.

"My feet slipped," she explained.

"You have to be careful in fishing through the ice," said Mr. Brown.

"It's lots of fun, though," declared Sue.

"It isn't so much fun to fall into the water,"

remarked Bunny. "You get awfully cold and shivery. I went in once when I was coasting back home and broke through the ice."

"Yes, I remember that," said Sue. "But I got the biggest fish of all."

And so she had. For though Bunny and her father pulled out more in the next hour, none was as large as the pickerel that so nearly pulled Sue into the hole.

"Well, I think we have enough now," said Mr. Brown after a while. "There is no use catching more fish than we can eat."

"We could give some to Zeke," suggested Sue. "I like him."

"So do I," said Bunny.

"Zeke and his lumbermen catch their own fish," explained Mr. Brown.

"Then we could send some to Uncle Toby," went on Bunny. "I wonder if he's all right?"

"It's hard to say," answered his father. "But though he might like some fish, we have no way of sending any to Bellemere for him. I guess Mr. Jilson will see that Uncle Toby doesn't go hungry."

"He's a nice man," murmured Sue.

"But it's funny he doesn't know what his other name is nor where his brother lives," remarked Bunny. "But how much longer are we going to stay here, Daddy?" he went on.

"Why?" Mr. Brown wanted to know.

" 'Cause I'm getting hungry," said the little boy.

"So'm I," added his sister.

"I thought you would be," said Mr. Brown. "Come over on the shore and we'll eat."

"Eat what—the fish we caught?" asked Bunny. "We can't. They're frozen stiff."

"No, we'll not eat them until they are cooked," his father replied.

Mr. Brown opened the packages that had been put on the stump and took out some sandwiches that Julia had made. There was also a thermos bottle of hot chocolate, and the children and their father had a fine winter picnic lunch, sitting on logs at the edge of the frozen lake.

"This is lots of fun," said Bunny Brown.

"The most fun we ever had!" added Sue. But, then, she always thought the fun she was

having at any particular moment was the best she ever had.

After the lunch and a walk about to get warmed up, the little party returned to the bungalow, and that night they were served with fried fish for supper.

The next day Bunny got out his skates and called to Sue:

"Come on, we'll have a skating race. You beat me in the ice boat, but I can beat you on skates!"

"Of course you can! You're bigger!" said Sue.

"Well, I'll give you a head start," offered her brother.

Then the two, with their jingling skates, went out on the lake.

CHAPTER XV

BUNNY IS CAUGHT

"ARE you all ready, Sue?" asked Bunny Brown.

"Wait until I fasten this one strap," answered the little girl, who was bending over, working at her skate.

The children were going to have a skating race on the ice, and, true to his promise, Bunny would give his sister a head start. He would let her stand about thirty feet in advance of him.

The race was to take place in the little cove where the ice boats were moored, for that cove was sheltered from the cold winds that blew about Jack Frost Island.

"We'll race from this side of the cove to the other side," Bunny suggested. "And whoever gets to the other side first will win."

"You mean even if I get there first even if

I have a head start of you?" asked Sue, looking up.

"That's what I mean," answered Bunny. "It's just the same as if we started even, you know. Only, 'cause I'm older and bigger than you and a little stronger, I give you a head start."

"Thank you," said Sue.

"Oh, you don't have to thank me," went on Bunny. "That's what they always do in a race when somebody is better than somebody else."

"Are you better than me?" asked Sue.

"Well, I can skate a little better," said Bunny. "And the best skaters always have to give the others a head start. Are you all ready now?"

"Just a minute!" begged Sue.

But at last she had the strap fixed as she wanted it, and called to her brother:

"I'm all ready, now!"

"Then I'll take my place back there and count three," said Bunny, "and we'll go. Whoever gets to the other side of the cove first will win."

Sue stood up, balancing herself on the slippery ice. Bunny took his place and began counting slowly while he poised himself to get a good start.

"One!" he counted. "Two! Three! Go!"

Sue began to strike out with her feet, and Bunny did the same. For a time, it seemed that Sue was going to do very well, and that perhaps her brother would have a hard race to catch up to her and pass her, which he must do to win. But Sue had not practiced much, and she soon began to fall back. Bunny came nearer and nearer to her.

"Skate faster, Sue! Skate faster!" he cried.

"I'm going as fast as I can," she said, but she was getting off the course instead of keeping a straight line for the other side of the cove. The finish of the race was to be near a big rock in a tangle of bushes on the shore.

Bunny was really skating quite fast. He could have beaten a much better skater than Sue, and he soon passed her, even though she had been given a head start.

"I'm going to beat! I'm going to beat!"

shouted Bunny as he glided past Sue. "Can't you skate any faster?"

"I—I'm going—now—as fast as I can," she answered. She did her best, but it wasn't enough and she soon saw her brother quite a distance ahead of her.

Then, having practically won the race, Bunny decided to see just how fast he could skate. So he struck out with all his might and he was soon gliding, like a human ice boat, straight toward the big rock in the bushes.

In fact, Bunny was going faster than he knew, and when he wanted to slow up, ready to stop, he found he could not do it. In vain, he dragged the heel of one skate in the ice, scraping up a shower of slivers as he had seen the other boys do. In vain, he tried to hold back. On and on he went, heading toward the tangle of bushes.

Just then Sue's skate, the one on which she had been adjusting the strap, came loose. She tripped and fell, but did not hurt herself in the fall. However, as she went down, she heard Bunny shouting:

"I'm caught! I'm caught!"

Sue's head was down on the ice now, and she couldn't see her brother, but she heard his excited cries about being caught.

"He must have broken through the ice, or else he's in some trap the lumbermen have set," thought Sue.

Her brother's shouts ceased, but Sue heard a queer sound. And when she picked herself up off the ice, one skate on and the other off, she could not see Bunny.

"Where are you? Where are you?" asked the little girl, walking unevenly toward the finishing point of the race that was now over.

"I'm caught in the brambles!" yelled Bunny.

That is just what had happened. He had skated so fast that, not being able to stop himself, he had slid off the ice, up on the shore, and had crashed into a tangle of blackberry bushes. Though there were no berries on the bushes, now that it was winter, there were plenty of brambles and thorns, and these, tangling in Bunny's clothes, fairly held his fast.

"I'm caught! I'm caught!" Bunny yelled again.

But by the time Sue, shoving herself along on one skate, had reached him, her brother had managed to untangle himself from the stickers and was backing out on the ice again.

"What did you do that for?" Sue wanted to know, as she sat down on a log and began putting on the skate that had come off.

"I didn't do it on purpose," Bunny answered, as he took off his mittens to clear them of the thorns which were pricking his hands. "I got to going so fast that I couldn't stop."

Then Bunny noticed that one of his sister's skates had come off, and he added:

"Oh, it wasn't a fair race if you had only one skate. We'll try it over and I'll give you more of a head start."

"No," said Sue, shaking her head. "It was fair enough. My skate didn't come off until after you had passed me, and, anyhow, I couldn't beat you if you gave me two times as much head start. I can't skate very fast, and I fell down, too."

"Did you get hurt?" asked Bunny kindly.

But Sue had not even a scratch and Bunny went on to say:

"You'll be a better skater when you get as old as I am, Sue. But if you don't want to race any more we'll just skim around easy like."

The children did this after Bunny had fastened his sister's loose skate on so it would not come off again. Up and down the ice in the little cove the children glided having lots of fun.

Then they took off their skates and wandered through the woods, finding a little heap of chestnuts under a pile of leaves, where some squirrel had hidden them.

"Oh, maybe they're Butter's chestnuts," said Sue, when Bunny began eating some.

"He won't care if we take a few," said the little boy. "I guess he had more hidden away."

Then Sue, also, ate some of the nuts, which were very good, and the children put a handful each in their pockets to take home to roast.

That night, seated around the log fire on the hearth in the bungalow, the chestnuts

were put in the hot ashes, near the edge, and soon a savory smell filled the air.

"They're good!" Bunny said, when the nuts were roasted and he had given some to his father and mother, while Sue shared hers with Julia.

"Zeke brought some popcorn ears over today," said Mrs. Brown. "He said he thought the children might like some."

"Oh, Mother! could we pop corn over this fire?" begged Bunny.

"And make popcorn balls?" added Sue.

"If we have a popper you may," their mother said. "But I don't believe there is one in the bungalow."

"Yes, there is," Julia said. "There's a corn popper in the kitchen. I'll get it!"

"Oh, what fun we'll have now!" cried Bunny Brown.

CHAPTER XVI

SUE'S CANDY

JULIA brought in the corn popper, which was a small, square wire basket on a long, red handle. The popper had a hinged top, also made of wire, something like that in the window mosquito screens.

"I'm going to jiggle the popper over the fire!" cried Bunny.

"No, I want to do that!" said Sue.

"You can shell the kernels of corn off the cob," her brother suggested.

"Oh, Mother! That isn't fair!" cried Sue. "He wants me to do all the hard work while he has all the fun!"

" 'Tisn't any fun to jiggle a popper over a hot fire. I'm going to get all scorched!" declared Bunny. "I'm giving you the easiest part to do—shelling the corn."

"I'd rather pop it!" declared Sue. "Can't I, Daddy?"

"Now look here!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Your mother and I brought you children up to Jack Frost Island to have fun, not to bicker over who should pop corn."

"Well, I want to pop it!" insisted Bunny. "I thought of it first."

"But I thought of popcorn balls," added Sue.

"Quiet, now!" said Mrs. Brown. "There is an easy way out of this. We can use two poppers of corn at least, for I am going to eat some and so is daddy, I know. And Julia likes it, too; don't you?" she asked, turning to the maid.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I like popcorn," Julia answered.

"Then Bunny can pop the first batch and Sue the second," declared their mother. "And Sue must shell the first lot of kernels and Bunny the second."

"A good way out of it," agreed Mr. Brown, as he went back to his desk, for he was writ-

ing letters about the lumber that was being cut for him in the woods.

Bunny and Sue were satisfied with this arrangement, and the little boy began arranging the embers in the fireplace to make a good bed of hot, glowing wood over which to pop the corn. While he was doing this, Sue had broken in two pieces one of the ears Zeke had brought to the bungalow.

Rubbing the two pieces of the ear of corn together caused the kernels to shell off and drop into a basin, and there was soon enough corn for Bunny to put in the popper.

He now fastened down the cover and then began shaking the wire basket over the coals by the long handle, moving it slowly to and fro.

"What makes you have to jiggle corn when you pop it?" asked Sue.

"So it won't scorch and burn," her mother answered. "If you just held the popper still in one place over the coals, the kernels of corn would burn before they had a chance to pop. By shaking the popper, the kernels dance

about and don't get time to stay in one place long enough to burn."

Sue nodded her head at hearing this, and watched Bunny. Pretty soon there was a little crackling sound in the wire basket, and that was followed by several loud pops. Then big, white kernels appeared inside the wire mesh and Bunny shouted:

"It's popping now!"

Once the corn began, it popped rapidly until it was all done, and Mrs. Brown turned it out into a tin basin.

"What makes corn pop?" asked Sue, as she was getting ready for her turn, waiting while Bunny shelled off some kernels. "The white things are a lot bigger than the little kernels that go into the popper," she added.

"Corn pops because there is a certain amount of water inside each kernel," her father explained. "You can't see the water, but it is there. Heating the kernel turns the water into steam, so that it bursts out and makes the kernel swell. It is white because the inside of the corn kernel is white. If you could take off the outer hard husk of each

kernel, you would find the inside as white as snow."

"It smells awfully good," remarked Sue, who seemed to understand what her father explained to her. Then she began to "jiggle," as she called it, the popper over the coals, and soon loud cracking sounds were heard, and in a little while the wire basket on the handle was filled once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown liked their popcorn with butter and salt on it, but Bunny and Sue said they would rather have some that was sweet. Julia said she, also, liked sweetened corn, and she offered to make the balls for Bunny and Sue.

"Then let me pop a popper of corn for mother and me," suggested Mr. Brown, getting up from his desk. He had finished his work.

Sue and Bunny were too eager to help Julia make the sweet balls to offer to shake the popper over the fire any longer, so Mr. and Mrs. Brown had this fun to themselves.

Out in the kitchen, Julia boiled some sugar and molasses until it was just right, after

which she poured it over the mass of white kernels in the big pan, stirring them with a long-handled spoon.

"It doesn't look much like popcorn balls," said Sue.

"But it smells awfully good," said Bunny. "It smells just like candy."

"It is a kind of candy," Julia told the children. "And I will soon show you how to make it into balls."

When the hot sugar and molasses which she poured over the kernels was cool enough, the maid rubbed some butter on her hands so the stuff would not stick to them, and, taking up a mass of the sweetened corn, she patted it and rolled it into a round ball. This she laid on a piece of greased paper to cool and become crisp.

"Oh, I want to make one!" cried Bunny.

"So do I!" added Sue.

"All right. But grease your hands," ordered Julia.

Soon Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were making popcorn balls, and having a lot of fun doing it.

They could hardly wait until the balls were cool before sinking their white teeth into them, and when they took the confections in to show their mother, she said they might eat only one ball each that night.

"Otherwise, you might have some queer dreams," she told them.

Mr. Brown had made a big popper of corn for his wife and himself. Over this was poured melted butter, and then salt was sprinkled on top and the corn stirred up. After that, Mr. Brown got his newspaper and sat by the fire reading and eating popcorn.

"This is the most fun I've had in a week!" he said.

Bunny and Sue nibbled at their popcorn balls, and once they had to laugh when their mother slyly moved away from Mr. Brown's side his dish of buttered corn.

He was so intent on reading the paper that he did not take his eyes off it, but reached out his hand now and then, groping about until he felt the bowl. But when his wife slyly moved it, he groped about a long time, his fingers not finding the bowl, and at last, with

a surprised grunt, he took his eyes away from the paper and looked on the floor where he had set the popcorn container.

"What did you think, Daddy, when you couldn't find it?" asked Sue.

"I thought a little mouse, or maybe Butter, the squirrel, had taken it," her father answered, as his wife gave him back his treat.

"Oh, I'm so glad we came to Jack Frost Island; aren't you, Bunny?" asked Sue, as the children went up to bed a little later.

"Awfully glad," he answered. "But I wish Uncle Toby was up here with us. I'm afraid he'll get lonesome down to Mr. Jilson's house."

"The parrot can talk to him," suggested Sue.

"Oh, that's so! I forgot about the parrot," sleepily murmured Bunny. "Sure, Molly will talk to Uncle Toby."

The next day or two Bunny and his sister spent roaming about the island, visiting the lumber camp, or skating on the ice, though they had no more races.

Then, one day, there came a heavy snow-

storm, and it was so cold and blustery that Mrs. Brown said the children had better not go out.

"But what can we do to have fun?" sighed Bunny.

"Could I make some candy?" asked Sue.

Somewhat to her surprise, her mother said yes without being teased. But as there was sugar and molasses in the bungalow and as Julia knew how to help with making the sweet stuff, Mrs. Brown thought it would be as good a time as any to let the children have this kind of fun.

So there was soon a delicious smell in the kitchen, as Sue's candy was boiling away. Sue called it her candy, but she said Bunny could have his share of it.

But neither of them knew what was going to happen to Sue's candy.

CHAPTER XVII

ON THE HILL

"WHEN will it be done, Julia?" asked Sue as she knelt in a chair near the stove and sniffed and sniffed again.

"Oh, pretty soon," the maid, who was also a cook, answered.

Then, when he thought it was "pretty soon," Bunny wrinkled up his little nose and took a long smell as he inquired:

"Will the candy be made in a little while, Julia?"

"It will not be long now before it is ready," Julia replied, with a smile.

The children watched her as she took a cup with a little cold water in it, and Sue exclaimed:

"I don't want any water in my candy!"

" 'Tisn't all your candy!" objected Bunny. "You said part of it was mine."

"Yes, so I did," admitted Sue. "But I don't want any water in my part of the candy, Julia."

"I'm not going to put water in the candy," said the cook.

"What are you going to do, then?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Watch and you'll see," Julia advised, with a laugh.

Bunny and his sister saw her take up a little of the hot, boiling candy in a spoon and drop this mixture into the cup of cold water. After waiting a few seconds, Julia poured out the water, and in the bottom of the cup was a little ball of soft, sticky stuff which the cook pulled out on her finger, for it was now cool.

"It hasn't boiled long enough," said Julia.

"How can you tell?" Sue wanted to know.

"Because if the sugar and molasses, which we are making into candy, had boiled enough it would get hard when I put a few drops of it in cold water," was the reply. "That's the way to tell when candy is done and ready to pour out into greased tins."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Sue. "Just like mother sticks a broom splint into a cake to see if it's done."

"That's it," Julia answered.

So the candy was allowed to boil a little longer, Sue and Bunny, meanwhile, waiting anxiously for it. The next time Julia dropped some of the hot syrup into the cup and poured off the water, the maid took out some little hard, round balls of sweet stuff, which she let Bunny and Sue taste.

"The candy is done!" said the cook.

"And it tastes good, too!" declared Bunny.

"I'm glad mother let me make it," said Sue, at which her brother laughed and remarked:

"Julia made the candy—you didn't."

"Well, it's mine, anyhow," insisted Sue. "But I'm going to give you some," she added quickly, for it was no time to be starting a dispute with her brother.

Eagerly the children watched as Julia got out two shallow pans into which the candy was to be poured, after which it would be set out on the back porch to cool.

"But first the pans must be greased," the cook said.

"Oh, let me do that!" begged Sue.

"I'll grease one," offered Bunny, and the maid let the children smear the butter on the insides of the pan with wads of paper. By this time the boiling pot of candy had been taken from the stove ready to be poured out. Bunny wanted to do this pouring, but Julia objected saying:

"You might burn yourself. Boiling sugar is one of the hottest things there is. I must be very careful."

She was, and poured out the sweet, sticky hot stuff half into each pan. Then Julia set the pans out on the back porch on a bench on which there was a little snow, for this would cool the candy more quickly.

"How long before it will be cool enough to eat?" asked Sue.

"Oh, in about an hour," Julia said.

"Do you think anybody would take the candy while it's out there?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Who would take it?" asked Julia.

"Oh, I don't know—somebody might," was all Bunny could think of to answer.

Several times Bunny and Sue went to the back door to peer out and see if the two pans of candy were there, and each time they came back with smiles of satisfaction on their faces, for the pans were there all right.

But that hour was very long, and at last, seeing how restless they were, Mrs. Brown proposed to tell Bunny and Sue a story.

This she did, and they became so interested that it was fifteen minutes past the hour set by Julia when next they went to look at the candy, after thanking their mother for entertaining them.

But Bunny, who was first to open the door, gave such a cry of dismay that Sue nearly fell down in her rush to get to him and see what the matter was.

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed the little girl. "Is my candy gone?"

"One pan is gone!" Bunny yelled. "But the other is there. Somebody took your pan of candy, Sue!"

His sister pulled the door open wider and looked out. Sure enough, there was but one pan of the sweet stuff on the snow-covered bench, though the mark made where the other pan had melted the snow was plain to be seen.

"Oh! Oh!" gasped Sue, and then, running out, she quickly caught up the one pan of candy, which was now cool, and went on with: "This is my candy. Somebody took yours, Bunny!"

Bunny had not counted on this, and did not know what to say for a moment. But suddenly he exclaimed:

"That's my pan of candy, Sue! The other one was bigger, and that was yours. You said I could have the littler one. That's mine!"

Part of this was true. When the candy had been poured out into pans, one was larger than the other, and Bunny had said:

"You can have the biggest one, Sue, and I'll take the other, 'cause you thought first about making it."

This satisfied Sue, and now she was only

claiming her rights. But Bunny was sure the biggest pan of candy was missing and that the one remaining was the smaller, and his.

"That's mine!" he exclaimed, moving toward Sue.

"It isn't! It's mine!" she declared, backing away.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Brown coming into the kitchen. When told what had happened she said: "Now just a moment, my dears. Perhaps Julia lifted in the other pan of candy. Let's ask her before we go any further. Maybe the other pan isn't missing, after all."

But the maid said she had not taken in any of the sweet stuff, and there was only one thing to think—this was that the other pan was gone. As it was the larger of the two, of course that was Sue's.

But her mother quickly suggested that the two children should share the pan of candy that was left, which Bunny and his sister agreed to do. But that did not solve the mys-

tery of what had become of the other pan, and both Bunny and Sue asked over and over again:

"Who took it? Where is it?"

This, however, there was no way of telling. It was now snowing harder than ever, and though Mrs. Brown looked around the porch, she could see no footprints or other marks.

"Some one must have been here, for it is certain the candy did not walk off by itself," said the children's mother. "But almost as soon as a footprint could be made in the snow it would be filled up by the falling flakes or by those blown across in the cold wind which is drifting the snow high."

"Who took the candy?" was the big question.

"Maybe the wind blew it away," suggested Julia.

"Oh, maybe it did! And then we'll find the pan of candy when the snow melts," said Bunny.

But the snow on Jack Frost Island would

probably not melt for a long time. It was the middle of winter, and would be cold for several months yet.

However, as Mrs. Brown said, one pan of candy was plenty for the two children. So Bunny and Sue made the best of it, dividing the sweet stuff evenly and greatly enjoying it. Of course, they gave some to their mother and Julia, and to Mr. Brown, who said all his sweet teeth had not yet been pulled.

In this way the day of snow, during which Bunny and Sue had to remain in the bungalow, passed, and when night came they were ready to go to bed. Though more than once each one asked the other:

"Who do you s'pose took that candy?"

Though they admitted that the wind might have blown away the missing pan, yet it was much more mysterious and interesting to think that some one had sneaked up and taken it.

The next day the sun was shining bright and clear, and there was more snow on the ground than Bunny and Sue thought they had ever seen before.

"No more skating or ice boating!" exclaimed Bunny as he jumped out of bed.

"But we can slide downhill!" said Sue from her room.

After breakfast, the children went out on a long hill back of the bungalow. It was a hill down which several lumber teams and big sleds had passed, and also a number of men with their heavy boots, so the top snow was packed down, which always has to be done on a hill before one can coast.

So Bunny and Sue found much of the work done for them and they were soon coasting down, going a little farther each time as the hill became better packed and worn.

"Let's have a race!" suggested Bunny after a while.

"All right!" agreed Sue. "Come on," and she hurried to the top of the hill after her brother.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE CAVE

RACING downhill on sleds is very much a matter of luck and chance. After you have started down there isn't much you can do to increase your speed. You just have to let the sled go, though you can steer it toward the smoother places.

Bunny and Sue found this out when they started to race down the hill back of the bungalow. It wasn't like ice boat racing. The first time down Bunny beat easily, his sled reaching the bottom some time ahead of Sue's.

"Now we're even!" he exclaimed, dancing about in the snow.

"Even for what?" asked his sister.

"Even about the races. You won on the ice boat but I won on my sled."

"Oh, well," said Sue, "I'll beat you next time. Come on, we'll go down again."

When they did, with merry shouts and laughter, Sue's sled shot ahead of Bunny's and she won that race.

"I don't see how you did it!" Bunny declared. "We started even, but, all of a sudden, your sled went ahead of mine."

"I guess I got on a smoother part of the hill," remarked Sue. "You went in soft snow half way down."

That was the reason. Sue had managed to steer her sled where the snow had been packed the hardest. And when on the next trip down Bunny guided his sled closer to his sister's, the race came out even, both of them reaching the bottom of the hill at the same time.

Then Bunny won the next race, after which they gave up this sort of play for a time and just coasted, fell off, walked up, sometimes stumbling and rolling half way to the bottom. They had a grand, good time. After a while Bunny said:

"Oh, I know what let's do!"

"What?" asked Sue.

"Let's hitch our two sleds one to the other and go down together like a bob," proposed Bunny.

"Oh, let's! That'll be fun!" cried Sue.

Up to the top of the hill they climbed, and then Bunny lay down on his face, full length upon his sled. Sue sat on her sled behind him, and the little boy twined his legs around the front part of Sue's sled, thus hitching the two together, somewhat like a bob.

"All ready?" Bunny called to his sister.

"All ready," she replied.

"Push off then!"

Sue had to do the pushing, as Bunny could not use either his legs or his hands, for he was steering his sled. By working her feet along the ground on either side of her sled, Sue pushed it to the very edge of the hill.

"Over we go!" she exclaimed.

And over they went, and down the hill, whizzing in the wind.

"Isn't this fun!" shouted Bunny, and the breeze blew his words back to his sister.

"Lots of fun," she answered.

BUNNY WON THE NEXT RACE.

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue on Jack Frost Island.

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"What'd you say?" asked Bunny. "I can't hear you."

And no wonder, for they were going so fast that the wind seemed to blow the words out of Sue's mouth and back to the top of the hill.

"I said it was lots of fun!" shouted Sue, and this time she spoke above the wind and Bunny heard her.

Faster and faster they went down the hill, Bunny steering his sled and thus guiding his sister's. Then, all of a sudden, Sue, who could more easily look ahead because she was sitting up straight, saw something near the bottom of the hill which caused her to shout loudly:

"Oh, look, Bunny! Look!"

Bunny, who, at that moment, was looking down between the runners of his sled, could not see anything but the whizzing snow beneath him, so he asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Look down at the bottom of the hill!" shouted Sue. "It's a big bear, I guess!"

Bunny looked up quickly enough then, you may be sure, and when he saw the brown,

shaggy form shuffling along through the drifts at one side of the hill near the bottom, Bunny also gave a shout of dismay.

"Is that a bear, Bunny?" asked Sue.

"I—I guess it is!" answered Bunny.

"Oh, we're going to bump right into it!" screamed Sue. "Oh, Bunny, maybe that bear took the pan of candy!"

"Maybe," was what Bunny answered, and then he was too busy trying to steer the sleds away from the shaggy creature to say anything more. Sue was wondering whether it might not be better to tumble off her sled, even gliding as swiftly as it was, and Bunny was thinking the same thing, for he found he could not steer very far away from that brown, furry form, the hill not being very wide.

Then, before the children could do anything, they shot right past the thing they felt sure was a bear. Right past it they whizzed and, as they did so, a voice shouted:

"Whee! That's fast coasting! Give me a ride!"

Before either Bunny or Sue could exclaim

in surprise at a "bear" speaking, they had reached the bottom of the hill and the sleds came to a stop in a deep bank of soft snow. Then the children got off, looked back and waited for the shaggy creature to rush at them.

But, instead, came laughter, and then they saw that what they had taken for a bear was only Zeke, the lumberman, wearing a big bearskin coat and also a cap made from the fur of the same animal. Walking along in the deep snow at the side of the hill as he had been doing, and with his back to the children, Zeke looked exactly like a bear to them.

"Ho! Ho!" he laughed when he got down to where Bunny and Sue stood and they had told him of their momentary fear. "So you took me for a bear, did you? Ho! Ho!"

"And Sue said," repeated Bunny, also laughing, "that maybe you were the bear that took one of the pans of candy."

"A pan of candy!" exclaimed Zeke, wrapping his bearskin coat more closely about him, for the wind was cold. "No, I didn't

take any candy. This is the first I've heard about it."

"Oh, I know you didn't take it!" Sue made haste to say. "But somebody did, and maybe it was a bear."

"Are there any bears on this island?" asked Bunny.

Zeke did not answer for a moment. Then he said slowly:

"Well, some of the men say they've seen one or two, but I never have, and I've been on this island longer than anybody."

"Oh!" gasped Sue. "Bears on Jack Frost Island!"

"I don't believe it!" declared Zeke. "Don't be afraid. I've never seen any and I don't believe there's even a baby bear here. If there is," he quickly added, "he won't hurt you!"

"I'm not afraid!" said Bunny boastfully.

"I wouldn't be afraid if you were with me, Zeke—or Bunny," said Sue, and she moved a little closer to the lumberman in his shaggy coat.

"You won't find any bears here," he said. "But did somebody take a pan of candy off your porch, or are you just making believe?" and he smiled at the children.

"Somebody took the candy, all right!" answered Bunny, and Sue nodded her head.

"Too bad!" murmured the lumberman. "But if it's gone, it's gone. Though I'm sure it wasn't a bear."

"I thought you were a funny bear when you hollered at us as we coasted past!" said Sue, with a laugh.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Zeke again. "It would be a funny bear that could talk! Ha! Ha!"

"Did you really want a ride on our sleds?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, no," the lumberman answered. "I was only fooling. Go on back to the top of the hill and I'll watch you come down again," and this he did before he kept on to the lumber camp.

But even coasting can get tiresome after a while, and Bunny and Sue finally had enough of it. Dragging their sleds after them, they

were on their way back to the bungalow when Bunny proposed that they go by a new way, one they had not tried before.

So they wandered off through the woods, and, after a while, Bunny, who was in the lead, gave a sudden cry.

"What's the matter?" asked Sue. "Are we lost?"

"No," Bunny replied. "But I've found a cave. Come and look at it!"

Sue hurried to join her brother and saw him standing in front of a dark hole in the rocky side of a hill. It was a cave, sure enough, and Bunny walked up to the entrance.

Sue started to follow him. Then she stopped suddenly and gasped:

"Oh, come back! Don't go in there! Maybe that's where the bear lives!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE BEAR

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue were brave children. And when Sue exclaimed that there might be a bear in the cave into which Bunny had gone for a little distance, the boy turned and asked:

"What makes you think there's a bear in here, Sue?" He wasn't much afraid and he didn't run, nor did Sue.

"Well," the little girl answered, "Zeke said some of the men had seen a bear on Jack Frost Island. And bears live in caves, you know."

"Yes, I guess they do," admitted Bunny. "But if there is a bear here, Zeke said it wouldn't hurt us."

"Are we going in the cave to look?" Sue wanted to know.

Bunny thought this over for a few seconds and then he answered:

"I might as well go in a little way. I'm not afraid. Maybe you'd better not come. But I can't see very far, 'cause it's so dark."

Bunny's lack of fear made Sue bolder, and she drew closer to the cave and said:

"If we had a flashlight we could go away in, and maybe, if the bear was asleep, we could look at him."

"But we haven't a flashlight," observed Bunny. "So let's only go in as far as we can see."

Leaving their sleds outside, the two children walked into the cave, Bunny in the lead. The sun was setting and the bright rays shone directly into the hole in the side of the hill, making it brighter than at any other time of the day. So Bunny and his sister could see quite well.

The floor of the cave was littered with dried leaves and sticks, and some snow had blown part way in, but not for a great distance. And from the fact that there were no tracks or footprints in this snow, until he and

Sue made some, Bunny thought no bear or other animal had come into the cavern since the storm began.

Though Bunny and Sue had both said they were not afraid, they did not go very far into the cave. It seemed to be a winding, twisting one, and when they saw that it made a turn and that beyond the turn the light of the setting sun did not shine, Bunny said:

"I guess maybe we'd better not go any farther."

"Yes, I guess this is far enough," agreed Sue, with suspicious quickness.

The children were about to turn and go out when, all of a sudden, they heard a sort of coughing and sneezing.

"What's that?" exclaimed Bunny. "Was that you, Sue, making that noise?"

"No, Bunny, I didn't make any noise."

"But you heard it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I heard it," Sue answered.

The noise sounded again, and this time there was also a rustling as if some one were walking in the dried leaves beyond the turn in the cave. Then came a loud:

Wuff!

"It's a bear!" shrieked Sue.

"Yes, I—I guess maybe it—it is!" agreed Bunny.

Then, brave as they were, the two children hurried out of the cave, caught up the ropes of their sleds, and ran off through the woods. Now and then they looked back to see if the bear was coming out of the cave, and they were very glad to note that it was not.

Quite out of breath, they presently drew near the bungalow. Then they slowed to a walk.

"But it was a bear, all right," Sue declared, when she could talk.

"Yes, I guess it was," agreed Bunny. Then, hearing a noise in the woods behind them, they ran on again and reached home just as their mother was coming out on the porch to see if they were in sight, as it was getting close to supper time.

At once Mrs. Brown could see that something had happened to excite Bunny and Sue, so she asked:

"What's the matter?"

"We saw a bear!" gasped Sue.

"No, we didn't azackly *see* it," corrected her brother. "But we *heard* it—in the cave."

"A bear in a cave? Where?" asked Mrs. Brown.

Then, by turns, Bunny and Sue told the story of first mistaking Zeke in his fur coat for a bear and later going to the cave where they had heard strange noises.

"Oh, but you aren't sure it was a bear," their mother said, at the end of the story.

"It sounded like one, anyhow," insisted Sue.

"Bears always go 'wuff!' like that," explained Bunny, imitating as nearly as he could the sound he and Sue had heard in the cave. "And this one went 'wuff!' It must have been a bear."

"It might have been a fox," said his mother. "We'll tell daddy about it when he comes home, and see what he says."

Mr. Brown came home from the lumber camp a little later and listened to the bear story before he opened the mail, which had been brought over from the mainland in a

sleigh taken across the ice by Zeke to get some groceries.

"So you think there's a bear in the cave, do you?" he asked the children.

Bunny was wheeling the easy chair up close to the blazing fire of logs on the hearth so his father could sit down and rest, while Sue brought up her daddy's slippers.

"It sounded like a bear," said Bunny, and Sue agreed with him.

"Do you suppose it could be?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It's possible, of course. But I hardly think so."

Bunny and Sue were very much interested in the pile of letters for their father.

"Well, anyhow," said Sue as her father began slitting open the envelopes, "maybe you'll take us to the cave to-morrow, Daddy, with a flashlight and we can look around the corner in the cave and see if a bear is asleep there."

"Maybe," agreed Mr. Brown. "Maybe not."

"We'd better take some guns besides a flashlight," said Bunny.

"Oh, you wouldn't shoot a poor bear, would you?" asked his mother.

"Not unless it came at me," he answered. "May I have the stamps off your letters, Daddy?" he went on.

"I want some, too!" begged Sue. "Then we can play post-office to-morrow."

And in taking the old stamps off the envelopes as fast as Mr. Brown read his letters, Bunny and Sue rather forgot for a time about the bear in the cave, if, indeed, there was one of the shaggy creatures in the black cavern.

Most of Mr. Brown's mail was about the boat, fish or lumber business, but as he read one note he gave an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked his wife, who was just going to tell Julia to serve supper.

"Here's a letter from Mr. Jilson," went on Mr. Brown. "He says he is having trouble with the old man."

"You mean Uncle Toby?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes. The old man Bunny and Sue saw fall down in the snow."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Bunny.

Mr. Brown read the letter again and said:

"It seems he is over the cold he caught when he was out in the storm, and he is getting strong and active again. That seems to be the trouble. He won't stay in the house, but keeps wandering out all the while."

"What does he go for?" Sue asked.

"To look for his brother, Mr. Jilson writes me. But Uncle Toby isn't certain where to look. He just wanders away and gets lost around Bellemere, and Mr. Jilson has to go after him when some one telephones that they have Uncle Toby at their house."

"I should think he would stay home and talk to the parrot," said Bunny.

"That would be fun," agreed Sue.

"Uncle Toby doesn't seem to think so," remarked Mrs. Brown, with a laugh. "Poor old man!"

"I'll see what can be done about him when I go back to Bellemere," Mr. Brown said.

"Oh, do we have to go back?" sighed Sue.

"And leave Jack Frost Island?" added Bunny.

"Not right away," their father said. "I shall go to the dock and then come back here. Bunker Blue writes me that some business there must be looked after. I'll make a trip to Bellemere and see what can be done about Uncle Toby."

"And what about the bear in the cave?" asked Bunny.

His father was about to answer when there came a knock on the door.

"I wonder who that is?" said Sue, for it was after dark and there were few visitors on Jack Frost Island.

CHAPTER XX

IN THE LUMBER CAMP

Mr. Brown laid aside his pile of letters and went to the door to see who had knocked, for there was no bell on the island bungalow. Mrs. Brown was in the kitchen helping Julia get ready to serve the evening meal. Bunny and Sue sat back in their chairs and waited to see who the night visitor was. Of course, they knew it couldn't be the bear from the cave.

"Good evening!" exclaimed Mr. Brown when he had opened the door.

Somehow, though she knew it wasn't the bear, Sue felt much better after hearing her father say "good evening."

But to whom had he said it?

"Good evening!" came in a deep voice

from the visitor, as he knocked the snow off his boots on the top step. And then Bunny cried:

"It's Zeke!"

"Zeke is just who it is!" was the laughing answer of the lumberman. "Old Zeke! How are you, children?" he asked, peering past Mr. Brown to where Bunny and Sue sat with the stamps from the letters.

"We're fine, thank you," Bunny answered.

"That's good," returned Zeke.

"Come in!" Mr. Brown invited. "We're just going to have supper, and we'd like to have you stay."

"No, thank you! Much obliged, but I've got to be getting back to the lumber camp," answered the woodsman. "I just stopped to see if the children were all right, and I see they are."

"Why shouldn't Bunny and Sue be all right?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Well, some of the men chanced to see them running away from the hill where there's a cave," went on Zeke; "and the men got the notion that your boy and girl might have been

frightened at something in the woods—something that chased 'em, you know."

"We were a little frightened by the bear in the cave," said Bunny.

"But he didn't chase us," added Sue. "He just sort of 'wuffed' at us."

"Bear in the cave!" exclaimed Zeke. "First I ever heard about such a thing. I didn't believe there was a bear on the island. I have heard there were some on the main shore—harmless bears you know. Come to think of it, some of the men were talking about having seen a bear here, but I didn't take any stock in it. So you really saw a bear in the cave, did you?" he asked, looking at Bunny and Sue. "That's why you ran. Then the men were right—you were scared."

"But we didn't see the bear," said Bunny. "We just heard him 'wuff.'"

"They were telling me about it when you knocked," explained Mr. Brown, "and they were trying to get me to promise to go with them to the cave to hunt the bear."

"With a flashlight but not to shoot him," Bunny was quick to add.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Zeke. "That's pretty good—hunt a bear with a flashlight! But now I'm here you may as well tell me all about it. If there's a bear on this island we want to know it."

Bunny and Sue quickly told all there was to be told, how they had wandered into the cave and had heard a noise that sent them out on the run.

"It's just possible a bear has wandered over from the mainland, and is going to take the rest of his winter sleep in the cave," said Zeke slowly, when the children had finished their story. "But you needn't be afraid, Mrs. Brown," he went on. "That bear won't do you or the children any harm, and we'll soon drive him back where he belongs."

"Oh, may we see you do it?" begged Bunny.

"We'll keep very quiet," promised Sue, lest any noise she and Bunny might make should scare the bear.

"Well, we can get up a hunting party, if you like, Mr. Brown, and either catch this bear or send it back to the mainland. What do you say?"

"I think it would be a good idea," replied the children's father. "We are going to stay on Jack Frost Island some time, and we don't want to be worrying about bears. Not that they would harm us, I suppose," he said. "But they sort of make my wife and Julia nervous, I think," and he smiled a little. "And with the children about," he added, "I'm not free myself from a little worry."

"That's it!" agreed Zeke.

"And bears take things, too!" declared Sue. "I guess it was a bear that took the pan of candy. But we didn't see the empty pan at the cave, did we, Bunny?" she asked.

"No, we didn't see it," he answered. "But then we didn't stay very long."

"It might have happened," admitted Zeke, who had heard about the missing pan of candy. "It might have happened that a bear was roaming about in the storm and smelled the molasses and sugar. Well, we'll have a look in that cave if you say so, Mr. Brown."

"It would be a good idea," Bunny's father answered. "I'll come over to the camp to-morrow and we'll talk about it."

"May we come?" asked Sue.

"Please!" begged Bunny.

"I'll see," was all her father would promise.

Zeke left, refusing another invitation to stay to supper, and when the meal was served after the visitor had gone, all that Bunny and Sue talked of was the bear—how big it was, what it looked like, and whether it would be hard to drive it out of the cave and across the ice to the main shore.

"Are you going to take those two children bear-hunting?" asked Mrs. Brown when she listened to this talk and heard mention made of a visit to the lumber camp the next day.

"Well, I'm not exactly going to take them bear-hunting," said Mr. Brown, laughing. "But I think it will be all right for them to look on, with you and Julia, from a safe place."

"What are you going to do?" she asked her husband.

"Oh, I'm going to help hunt the bear!" he said.

The next day Mr. Brown took Bunny and Sue over to the lumber camp with him. Mrs.

Brown decided to go along, but Julia said she would never leave the bungalow again until the bear was either caught or shot.

"Pooh! He won't hurt you!" declared Bunny as he and his sister tramped through the snow with their father and mother.

Arriving at the lumber camp, Mr. Brown had a talk with Zeke and his men, and it was decided to go to the cave with guns and lights and, if a bear was there, to drive it out. Bunny and Sue were to be in charge of their mother, who said she would take good care they did not get too near the cave.

The tree-cutting was forgotten for a time, as all in the lumber camp except the cook started on the bear hunt.

"I don't s'pose," said Sue as she walked along with her mother and Bunny, "there'd be any of our candy left in the bear's cave."

"Hardly!" exclaimed her mother, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XXI

SMOKING THE BEAR

"Now, men!" exclaimed Zeke to his tree-choppers after they had set out on the bear hunt, with Bunny and Sue, in charge of their mother, following behind, "the idea is to catch this bear or drive him away—not to hurt him if we can help it. We just want to get him out of that cave and over on the mainland away from our island."

"Are you sure there's a bear in the cave?" one man asked.

"That's what we think," Zeke answered. "These children," and he waved his hand toward Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, "heard something in the cave that sounded like a bear."

"I know there's a bear on this island, because I've seen him!" said another man.

"So have I!" added a third. "But I didn't want to say much about it for fear of scaring these youngsters."

"I wouldn't be afraid!" boasted Bunny.

"And I wouldn't if I was with my brother and my mother and my daddy," added Sue.

"I guess there isn't much danger!" chuckled Zeke.

Several of the men had guns, others carried clubs or axes and some had lanterns, while Mr. Brown had brought along a powerful electric flashlight. Bunny wanted to bring his flashlight, also, but his mother said he might lose it in the woods, so that was left at home.

Sue had spoken of bringing Jennie Jones, the doll that was once lost in the cave-in of the snow house.

"For Jennie has never seen a bear hunt," said Sue.

"Oh, I wouldn't carry a doll!" Mrs. Brown had objected. "She might catch cold."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Sue.

So Jennie Jones was left in the bungalow. But the principal reason Mrs. Brown did not

want the children to carry any of their toys was because she thought they might have to run to get away from the bear, and the doll and the flashlight might be dropped in the hurry.

"Not that I'm going to get too close to that cave with the children," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, before they started out that morning. "I'll keep a safe distance away. But the bear might make a rush toward the children and me, just to get away from you men, and then, naturally, we'd want to run."

"I suppose so," agreed Mr. Brown, with a smile.

Through the woods, away from the lumber camp and up toward the hill where Bunny and Sue had coasted, marched the men, led by Zeke and Mr. Brown.

"Here's where the children took me for a bear!" laughed Zeke as he pointed out the spot where Bunny and Sue had whizzed past him on their sleds as he was wearing his bear-skin coat. He had it on now, and at a distance looked as much like a bear as he had

that day. Bunny and Sue spoke of it to their mother, as they walked along, laughing at their fright.

"Do you know where the cave is?" asked Mr. Brown of Zeke. "I heard the children speak of it, but I don't remember having seen it."

"Oh, I know where it is, all right," the lumberman answered.

It did not take long to reach the hole in the side of the hill—the dark hole where Bunny and Sue had gone in a little way, only to come running out as they heard dried leaves rattle and listened to that loud "wuff!"

"What do you s'pose the bear will do?" asked Bunny of his mother as she came to a halt near a clump of big trees, a safe distance back from the entrance of the cave.

"I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Brown replied. "He will probably come out and run away, or perhaps look for another hiding place."

"Maybe he'll be cross and bite some of the men," suggested Sue. "I hope he doesn't bite daddy."

"What makes you think the bear will be cross?" asked her mother.

"'Cause he's asleep in there," said Sue. "And when they wake him up he'll be cross, like some babies are, and maybe he'll bite."

"Let us hope not," returned Mrs. Brown.

By this time, Mr. Brown and Zeke's lumbermen were gathered about the cave, and some, with lanterns and guns, were getting ready to go in. Mr. Brown remained outside, and Bunny and Sue were glad to notice this. They were also glad their father had a gun.

The men who went in the cave were all old hunters, some of whom had shot bears in the early days when this part of the country was wilder than it is now.

"They'll know how to get him out," declared Zeke.

There was a time of anxious waiting as the men went into the dark cave and were lost to sight. Bunny and Sue, who were with their mother among the clump of trees, wanted to go closer to get a better view.

"No," said Mrs. Brown, "we'll stay right here."

"If the bear comes this way will you climb a tree?" asked Bunny.

"I don't believe I shall have to do that," his mother replied, with a laugh. "But I could if I had to."

"So could I!" declared Sue. "This one is easy to climb," and she pointed to one where the branches came close to the ground.

"It seemed a long time that the men were inside the cave, but, really, it was only a few minutes. Then Bunny exclaimed:

"Here they come!"

"Is the bear coming?" asked Sue, dancing about in excitement.

"No, the bear isn't coming," answered Bunny. "It's the men. They are coming back, but they didn't get the bear."

"Maybe there isn't any," remarked Mrs. Brown.

"But we heard him!" insisted Sue.

"You heard something in the cave," said her mother. "But it might have been a fox.

Please keep quiet now and we can hear what the men say."

In that cold, clear air sounds carried very plainly, and though the children and their mother were some distance away from the cave, they could catch the words.

"We didn't see any bear," the leading man reported as he swung his lantern to and fro. "We went back quite a way, too. But there's a small part of the cave we didn't like to crawl into. No, we didn't see any bear."

"We smelled him, though!" declared another lumberman. "There's a bear in there, as sure as anything."

"Yes, there's a wild animal smell in that cave," the leader said. "And what we came out to say is that we think we can smoke him out."

"Smoke him out? How?" asked Mr. Brown.

"There's another entrance to this cave, on the other side of the hill," explained Zeke. "It's so small I don't believe a bear could get in or out. But we can build a fire there and

the smoke will be drawn in and Mr. Bruin will smell it, even if he's asleep in some crack. Wild animals don't like fire or smoke, and he'll come out if he's in there."

"Then let's try it," said Bunny's father.

Some of the men went over the hill to the other hole, a small one, which opened into the cave. Bunny and Sue had not known of this.

It did not take long to make a fire, upon which were piled plenty of damp leaves to make a lot of smoke. Much of this smoke was drawn into the cave, as though it were a chimney lying down instead of standing up straight.

"Get ready now, men!" called Zeke as he and Mr. Brown, with most of the other men, remained in a half circle outside the main doorway of the cave. "He'll soon be out now, if he's in there. That bear won't like smoke, and it's beginning to fill the cave."

The white clouds of choking vapor from the fire on the other side of the hill were being drawn into the cavern, and some wisps of smoke began drifting out of the big hole where Bunny and Sue had gone in.

"Get ready!" called Zeke again.

Now the smoke was pouring out more thickly. Bunny and Sue watched eagerly. They could hardly see their father and the lumbermen now, for the smoke was dense.

Suddenly Zeke shouted:

"Here he comes!"

A moment later, through the smoke, the children saw a shaggy animal shuffle from the cave, coughing and "wuffing," as Sue called it. The bear had been driven out.

"Now they'll get him!" yelled Bunny. "Now they'll get him!"

"Maybe he'll get us," said his mother, but as she was laughing, Bunny and Sue knew she did not really mean it.

CHAPTER XXII

FUNNY TRICKS

THERE was now so much smoke down near the cave entrance that Bunny and Sue could not see what was going on. They could hear their father and Zeke shouting, however, and once a voice called:

"That's enough fire! We don't need any more smoke!"

The children knew this must be meant for the men on the other side of the hill, as a signal for them to let the fire die out.

Then Bunny heard his father shout:

"There he goes! Look out for him!"

"Oh, maybe daddy's going to catch the bear!" cried Bunny.

Mrs. Brown was beginning to wish the smoke would blow away so she could see what was going on.

THE BEAR WALKED UP AND DOWN.

Bunny Brown and his Sister Sue on Jack Frost Island. *Page* 218

Then, all of a sudden, there was a puff of wind which scattered the smoke clouds, and Bunny, his sister and his mother saw a curious sight.

In the middle of a circle of men, of whom Mr. Brown was one, a big, brown bear sat on his haunches, slowly wagging his head and brushing his nose with his broad, shaggy paws as if to get rid of the smell of fire.

"Oh, they've caught the bear!" exclaimed Sue.

"They haven't azackly caught him," corrected Bunny.

"But he isn't running away," went on Sue. "Oh, what a funny bear!" and she laughed.

"He is queer," agreed her mother. "He doesn't seem to want to run away, nor is he angry. He isn't trying to chew or claw any of the men, and I'm glad of that."

Then Zeke stepped closer toward the bear. In his hands the lumberman carried a rattling log chain, and before Bunny and Sue could guess what was going to happen, Zeke had made the chain fast to the bear.

"Why—why—" gasped Bunny. "It's just

as if he hooked that chain to a collar on the bear's neck."

"That's just what he did," said Mrs. Brown, who could see a little better than could the children what was going on. "And do you know what I think, my dears?" she went on.

"What?" asked Sue, standing on her tiptoes so she would miss none of the strange scene.

"I think," said Mrs. Brown, "that the bear is a tame one. He has a collar on and he must have escaped from some one who kept him for a pet."

"Oh, a pet bear!" cried Sue, clapping her hands in delight.

"I wonder if he can do tricks?" asked Bunny.

At that moment Mr. Brown looked up toward the clump of trees where his wife and children were standing and called:

"All over! No danger! We've caught the bear!"

"So we see!" said his wife.

"And he's a tame one," went on Mr. Brown. "Zeke says he must belong to somebody over

on the main shore. You can come down and look at him if you like."

And you can easily guess that Bunny and Sue wanted very much to get a closer view of the shaggy creature who seemed quite content to be led around by a chain. He even put out his red tongue as though he wanted to kiss some of the men who now crowded about him.

"Yes, he's a tame bear, all right," declared Zeke when Bunny and Sue had pressed close to look. "I sort of thought that's what he'd turn out to be, and that's why I brought the chain along."

"Maybe his name is on his collar," suggested Mr. Brown. But when Zeke looked he could find none. The collar was just a broad leather strap buckled around the bear's shaggy neck.

"He come out quickly enough when he smelled your smoke," said Mr. Brown to the men, who, having put out the fire on the other side of the hill, came to join their friends.

"We can go in the cave now, can't we?"

asked Sue when it was decided to lead the tame bear back to the lumber camp.

"What do you want to go into the cave for?" her mother asked.

"I want to see if that candy pan is there," the little girl replied.

"I'll take a look," offered one of the men, and, with two of his tree-chopping companions, went back into the cavern, all carrying lanterns with them. Bunny and Sue, with their father and mother, following Zeke and the party leading the bear back to camp, had not got very far along the trail before the three men who had remained to look in the cave came hurrying along.

"Here's the candy pan!" exclaimed one with a laugh as he held the pan out to Sue.

"It's licked as clean as a whistle!" added his friend.

"Then this bear must have come to our back porch and taken one of the pans of candy that Julia set out to cool!" exclaimed Bunny.

"It certainly seems so," admitted his mother.

"But it was snowing so hard we couldn't see him or his tracks," added Sue.

"It's lucky he didn't take both tins of candy," said Mr. Brown.

"I wonder whose bear he is?" remarked Sue.

"I'll probably hear the next time I go to the mainland," said Zeke.

"I'll be going in a few days, myself," remarked Mr. Brown. "I have to go back to Bellemere for a day or two, and if I hear of anybody losing a tame bear I'll tell him to come to Jack Frost Island and get him."

"Can we keep him until then?" asked Sue.

"Not at the bungalow!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"I guess not!" echoed her husband.

"There's an old shanty in the lumber camp where he can stay," suggested Zeke. "We'll chain him up there and feed him on scraps from the cook shack."

"He'll be company for us," said one of the men, and then Bunny suggested:

"Maybe, as he's a tame bear, he can do tricks!"

"We'll soon find out!" declared Zeke.

And after the bear had been given a good meal of table leavings and some lumps of sugar which Sue begged that he might have, one of the men got a long pole and held it out to the bear.

"Does the man think he will climb the pole?" whispered Sue to her mother.

"I hardly think so," was the answer. "The pole isn't big enough to hold up a bear."

"I want to see if he'll use it as if it was a gun," explained the lumberman. "I had a tame bear once, and he would shoulder arms and carry arms when I gave him a pole. Maybe this bear will do the same."

Sure enough, no sooner did the shaggy creature have the pole in his paws than he rested it on his shoulder as a soldier does with his gun when he is marching. The bear walked up and down as far as his chain would let him, for Zeke had fastened the end to a tree.

"What a funny trick!" cried Sue.

"Maybe he knows more of them," said the lumberman.

And after marching up and down a few

times with the pole over his shoulder the bear, whom the children named "Smoke," held the long stick out in front of him.

"He is presenting arms, just like a soldier!" said Bunny who had a box of tin soldiers with which he often played.

Then the bear tossed the pole aside and began shuffling along the ground in a funny way.

"What's he doing now?" asked Sue.

"I think it might be called dancing," her mother said.

"That's what it is," said the man who had once owned a tame bear. "That's dancing all right. My bear could turn somersaults, too."

As if he understood the word, Smoke suddenly ceased his shuffling and, bending down, put his head to the ground and over he went in a perfect somersault.

"Oh, what funny tricks!" laughed Sue.

CHAPTER XXIII

ZEKE'S POCKETBOOK

MARCHING, turning somersaults, and shuffling around in what might be called a dance, the tame bear amused the children and lumbermen for some time. Then Mrs. Brown decided it was best to go back to the bungalow with Bunny and Sue, for it was nearly lunch time.

"Julia will be getting worried. She will think the bear has caught us," said Mrs. Brown.

"You folks will be welcome to stay here for lunch, if you don't mind the cooking not being very fancy," invited Zeke.

"Oh, Mother—let's stay!" begged Sue.

"I like to eat in camp!" added Bunny. "And I'm so hungry I don't want to go all the way home."

"I guess it will be all right for them to stay," said Mr. Brown. "But what about leaving Julia all alone?"

"I'll go back to her," offered Mrs. Brown.

"All right—leave the children here in the lumber camp with me," replied Mr. Brown. "They can eat here, as I often do, and I will bring them home with me when I come this evening."

"Now we'll have lots of fun!" said Sue.

"And we can watch Smoke and feed him," added Bunny.

Mr. Brown walked part way back to the bungalow with his wife.

Meanwhile Bunny and Sue were made welcome in the camp. It wasn't their first visit, but it was the first time they were to have lunch with the men who were working for their father, and they were very much delighted.

There were wonderful smells coming from the cook "shack," as Zeke called it—a rough slab building near the sawmill.

"They're going to have baked beans!" declared Bunny.

"How can you tell?" his sister wanted to know.

"I can smell 'em!" said Bunny.

The meal was served on a rough wooden table, long enough for about ten men to sit on each side. Instead of chairs there were two long benches, and Bunny and Sue were so short, or the benches were so low, that the children had to sit on bags of sawdust one of the men brought in from the mill.

"Being company, you'll sit up next to me!" said Zeke, who was foreman of the tree-cutters, so he put Sue at his right hand and Bunny at his left near the head of the table, while Mr. Brown sat a little distance away.

Being out in the open air on Jack Frost Island hunting bears seemed to give Bunny and his sister good appetites, for they ate heartily of the food the cook set before them. The men cleaned off their plates so rapidly that the cook was kept busy filling them.

"Will there be anything left for Smoke?" asked Sue of her father in a low voice as she saw how much the men were eating.

"Don't you worry," chuckled Zeke. "That

trick bear won't go hungry around this camp." And Bunny and Sue found, after the meal, that a large pan of table scraps had been gathered up by Tom Johnson, the good-natured cook.

"Take 'em to the bear," he said to the children.

You can well imagine that Bunny and Sue were delighted to do this. Smoke was glad to get the food, too. And when the bear had eaten it all up it turned two somersaults in the snow in front of the cabin to which he was chained.

"One somersault for me, and one for you, Bunny!" cried Sue, with a laugh.

Then Smoke went inside the little shack that had been set aside for his use. There were plenty of old bags, some sawdust and dried leaves in it, and in these he could burrow down and snuggle up to keep warm, his shaggy fur being like a winter overcoat.

Bunny and Sue played about the lumber camp for some time, watching the big saw cut the tree trunks into boards amid a cloud of sawdust. Once they were allowed to ride

on the "traveler," or moving frame that carried the logs up to the saw.

Wandering in the woods, just before time to go back to the bungalow, Bunny and Sue suddenly heard a voice shout:

"Look out! Stand clear! Get from under!"

"What does that mean?" asked Bunny of his father who was coming along the path.

"I think it means that a big tree has been cut through and is going to fall," was the answer. Mr. Brown looked about to make sure he and the children were in no danger.

A moment later there was a crackling of branches, a breaking of big boughs, and then came a thundering crash that shook the ground as though powder had exploded.

The noises went echoing through the woods, causing a number of bluejays to start screeching while some crows began to caw, and off through the trees Bunny and Sue could see a cloud of snow that had been tossed into the air by the falling of the great tree.

"All over!" yelled the voice again, which meant that the cutting was done for the day.

To-morrow the tree would be hauled to the mill and cut into planks.

It was dusk when Bunny and Sue, after a last look at Smoke, asleep in his shack, started for the bungalow with their father, and nearly dark when they reached the house.

"So the bear didn't get you after all, did he?" asked Julia, smiling as she let them in.

"No, we got the bear!" laughed Bunny. "Have you got anything good for supper?"

"I'm hungry, too," echoed Sue.

"What!" cried their father. "Hungry again after all the beans you ate in the lumber camp?"

"Jack Frost Island is a very hungry place, I guess!" said Mrs. Brown after Bunny and Sue had said that indeed they were quite ready to eat again and Julia had said there was plenty of good things for supper.

"I wonder if Uncle Toby has anything as good as this?" said Bunny as he passed his plate for a second helping of potatoes.

"Oh, I guess Mr. Jilson will feed him well," said Mr. Brown. "And that reminds

me—I must get ready to go back to Bellemere in a day or two. I'll see about the old man then."

"Tell him we caught a tame bear," suggested Sue.

"Wouldn't it be fun if we could have Mr. Jilson's parrot up here, too, and he could tell Smoke how to do his tricks?" exclaimed Bunny.

"No more beasts or birds!" declared Mrs. Brown. "A tame bear is enough."

"I wonder who owns him?" murmured Bunny. "I guess they'll be sorry he's gone."

"I guess so—too," drawled Sue. "And wasn't it funny, Bun, when—he—when——"

"You poor child! You're so sleepy you can't hold your head up, much less talk!" said Mrs. Brown, noting how Sue was nodding. "And Bunny also! Up to bed with you!"

It was the next morning, when Bunny and Sue were playing out in the snow in front of the bungalow, that they saw Zeke coming along the path. He wanted to ask Mr. Brown something about cutting up the big tree felled the night before.

After Zeke had gone, taking Mr. Brown with him back to the lumber camp, Bunny and Sue resumed their playing in the snow, tossing round white balls of it at each other.

"Let's make another snow house," proposed Bunny, after a while. Sue did not answer him at once and he said it again. Then his sister exclaimed:

"Look! There's a big pocketbook!" And she pointed to a brown leather one lying on the snow.

"Maybe it's daddy's," said Bunny, as he picked it up.

"No, it's Zeke's pocketbook," Sue said. "I saw him have it the other day. He's lost it."

"Then we can take it to him," suggested Bunny.

Calling to their mother what they were going to do, the little boy and his sister, carrying the pocketbook, set off for the lumber camp.

"We'll see Smoke again," Sue said.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BEAR MAN

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue took turns carrying Zeke's pocketbook back to him. That is, Bunny carried it part of the way, and Sue held it the other part.

"For you know," Bunny had said when the wallet had been picked up, "that might have a lot of money in it, and I'm older than you, and I'm a boy and you're a girl, and men always carry the pocketbooks."

At first Sue had agreed to this. But, after walking along a while through the woods, watching her brother look at what had been found, Sue began to think that she had some rights in the matter.

"I ought to carry it part of the way," she said. "I know you're a boy and older than I am. But mother carries her own pocketbook. Daddy doesn't carry it for her. And some-

times boys lose things, and once you lost your mittens. If you should lose that pocketbook we couldn't give it back to Zeke."

Bunny thought this over for a few moments and then he said:

"That's right—I did lose my mittens. But I'm not going to lose this," and he held up the brown wallet. At the same time Bunny wanted to be fair, so he added: "But you can help carry it. You can hold your hand on it."

They tried this, each one having hold of the pocketbook, but because of the unevenness of the path and its narrowness, this plan led to trouble, and more than once Sue nearly fell down while trying to keep a hold on the wallet.

Then Bunny thought of a better plan and said:

"We'll take turns carrying it—how's that?"

"That will be fine!" said Sue.

So they walked along, counting their steps. Bunny carried Zeke's pocketbook until he had taken two hundred steps, and then handed it over to Sue who was to carry it until he had taken two hundred steps.

But there was other trouble here, for Sue could not count as well as her brother could, and Bunny said she was "cheating," by counting up to fifty and then beginning all over again.

"Well, maybe I was," admitted Sue. "But I didn't mean to cheat, Bunny."

"I know you didn't, Sue," he said. "But you'd better let me count for you."

After that they got along all right—though Bunny soon decided to let Sue do her own counting—the pocketbook passing from one to the other at the end of every two hundred steps.

"What are we going to do when we get to the camp?" asked Sue once, as she gave the pocketbook to her brother. "I mean who is going to hand it to Zeke?"

"Whoever is carrying it when we get to camp, that one gives it to Zeke," decided Bunny, and Sue was satisfied with this. But a little later Bunny began to figure it out as he and his sister drew nearer to the place where the sawmill was located. He began to

think it would be Sue's turn to carry the wallet right into the camp, so he said:

"I guess it would be better, Sue, if we both took hold of the pocketbook when we see Zeke, and then we can both hand it to him at the same time."

"That's better," Sue agreed. "And if he wants to give us anything for finding it—I mean a ransom, or something like that——"

"You mean a reward," corrected Bunny. "A ransom is something pirates or bandits give you."

"That's it—a reward!" exclaimed Sue. "If Zeke wants to give a reward he'll see that we both found the pocketbook together and he'll give the reward to each of us instead of just to the one who has the pocketbook."

"That'll be better," said Bunny.

A little later the two children walked into the lumber camp, where the men were busy getting out boards for Mr. Brown's business of making boats. The big saw was screeching away, scattering piles of dust which blew over the white snow. Bunny and Sue saw

their father talking to the foreman and they walked toward the two men, carrying the pocketbook between them.

"What have you there, children?" asked one of the lumbermen as they passed him. "Something good for Smoke to eat?"

"No, this isn't for the bear," answered Sue.

"It's for Zeke," added Bunny.

"For Zeke to eat?" asked the man.

"No, it's for Zeke's pocket—he dropped his pocketbook with all his money in it," answered Bunny.

"Say, he'll be glad to get that back!" exclaimed the man. "He's right over there," and he pointed. But Bunny and his sister had already seen where the foreman stood talking to Mr. Brown.

"Is Smoke all right?" Sue asked as she and her brother walked on.

"Oh, sure!" the man answered. "He's hungrier than ever."

"Does he do any more tricks?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Haven't had time to find out," was the reply. "We've been pretty busy here.

There's a big storm due in a few days, and we want to get all the work done before we have to stop."

"Oh, a big storm!" cried Sue, with shining eyes.

"Won't that be fun!" exclaimed Bunny.

"It may be fun for you, but it isn't so much fun for us," answered the tree chopper. "But run along! It's a wonder Zeke hasn't missed his pocketbook before this."

Mr. Brown and his foreman stopped talking when they saw Bunny Brown and his sister Sue coming toward them, carrying the pocketbook between them, for each of the children now had one hand on it.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "What are you two doing here?" Does your mother know you came?"

"Oh, yes, she said we could," replied Bunny.

"We came to bring this back to Zeke," explained Sue, for the lumberman had told the children to call him that name. "We found it in the snow," she went on.

"It's a pocketbook, and we both found it at

the same time and we both brought it here together," said Bunny, in case there should be any doubt of it.

"My pocketbook! So it is!" exclaimed Zeke, putting his hand inside his pocket to make sure his wallet was missing. "It's gone all right, and you have it! Good enough! Where'd you find it?"

"In the snow right by our bungalow, where you were talking to daddy," explained Bunny.

"I saw it first!" broke in Sue.

"Yes," her brother admitted, "she did. But I saw it right after that and we both brought it here."

He did not think it would be polite to say anything about a reward, or, as Sue had first called it a "ransom," but of course if Zeke wanted to offer one they could not stop him.

"It's a good thing it didn't get covered with the snow," said Mr. Brown as the lumber camp foreman took the wallet from the hands of Bunny and Sue. "You wouldn't have gotten it back, then, until the spring thaw."

"That's right!" agreed Zeke. "Well, say,

now I call that luck! And you two found it! I'll not forget that!"

"Better look inside and see if your money is safe!" said Mr. Brown, with a laugh.

"Oh, I guess Bunny and Sue are honest—in fact, I know they are," and Zeke also chuckled. "But I'll look all the same." And when he had counted over the bills he announced that they were all there, and he insisted on giving Bunny and Sue each a dollar, which their father did not want them to take but Zeke insisted on.

"My! My!" exclaimed the lumberman as he put the wallet back in his pocket and buttoned his coat over it. "I'm getting terribly careless. Everything's getting lost around here. Guess I'll have to get a chain and make things fast like we did Smoke, the bear."

"Smoke isn't lost, is he?" asked Bunny anxiously.

"Oh, no, he's in his shack, waiting to be fed," chuckled Zeke.

"You say you have been losing things," put in Mr. Brown. "What else have you been losing?"

"I lost my brother," replied the foreman. "He was here in camp with me and I lost him, or rather, he lost himself. And now I almost lost my pocketbook. Yes, I sure will have to get a chain, I guess."

Bunny and Sue saw their father look at Zeke in a queer way as he asked:

"What was your brother's name, Zeke?"

"My brother's name?" repeated the foreman. "Why, it was To——"

But just then he was interrupted by one of his men running up to him and saying:

"The bear man is here!"

"The bear man!" repeated Mr. Brown.

"Yes, a man who says that tame bear we got is his. He wants it. He just came over from the mainland to claim it. What shall I do about it?"

For the moment all thoughts of the lost pocketbook and of Zeke's lost brother forgotten, Bunny and Sue wondered what would be done about Smoke, the tame bear.

CHAPTER XXV

THE SURPRISE

TOWARD Bunny and Sue, where they stood with their father, Zeke and the lumberman who had brought the latest news, walked a stranger. He had on big boots for wading through the snow and a warm coat, though it was not of fur, as was the one Bunny and Sue had taken for a bear with Zeke inside it.

"Howdy, folks!" greeted the stranger. "I hear you got my tame bear here. How about it?"

"Well, we have a tame bear that we smoked out of a cave on this island," answered Zeke. "But whether he's yours or not is another question. Tell us about it."

"I'm a bear trainer," went on the man. "Abe Curtal is my name. In the summer I go about with my bear giving exhibitions, but it's too cold in winter, so I generally stay in

some town. I put up this year over in Towaco," and he painted to the village on the mainland.

"I had my bear in the barn on the farm where I was staying," Mr. Curtal went on, "and about two weeks ago he got loose in a storm. I've been hunting for him ever since, but I didn't have any luck until I heard yesterday that you folks had a tame bear here, so I thought I'd come and see about it."

"We have a bear, that's sure," said Zeke. "What sort of critter is yours?"

"He had on a leather strap for a collar," said Mr. Curtal, and he went on to tell in such detail how his bear looked that Bunny cried out:

"That's Smoke all right!"

"Smoke?" asked the bear man.

"That's what we named him," Sue explained. " 'Cause he was smoked out of the cave, you know. He does lots of tricks."

"That would be my bear all right," said the trainer. "But I call him Sambo. Let's have a look at him, and I can tell."

While Bunny and Sue felt sad at the

thought of losing Smoke, they knew he must be given up to his owner. And there was no doubt that Mr. Curtal was the owner. As soon as Smoke saw him he seemed to know his master, and when he answered to the name Sambo, and was made to do some tricks that had not been seen before by those on Jack Frost Island, there was no question about it.

"I guess that's your bear all right," said Mr. Brown. "We have enjoyed having him on our island," and he told how Bunny and Sue had wandered into the cave and had heard Sambo go "wuff."

"He took a pan of my candy, too," the little girl went on.

"Well, I'll be willing to pay for any damage my bear did," offered Mr. Curtal, putting one hand in his pocket while, with the other, he kept hold of the chain fastened to Sambo's collar.

"Oh, I'm glad he took the candy!" exclaimed Sue quickly. "I don't want any pay for it. I liked him to have it! Anyhow, I got a dollar ransom—I mean reward—for finding Mr. Zeke's pocketbook, and so did

Bunny, and we can buy a lot of molasses and make more candy."

"All right!" said the bear's trainer, with a laugh. "Sambo is surely fond of sweets."

"We got the pan back, too, out of the cave," said Bunny.

"Then everything seems to be all right," went on the "bear man," as Bunny and Sue called him. "I'll take Sambo back and I'll make sure he doesn't get away again. Much obliged for taking care of him for me."

"We quite enjoyed having him," said Mr. Brown.

Bunny and Sue said good-bye to their shaggy friend, and his trainer made him wave his big paws in a funny farewell to the children. Then he started across the frozen lake with his pet.

But having delivered Zeke's wallet and seen the bear go away, Bunny and Sue were not ready to leave the lumber camp. Their father had gone to the mill to see about having some different sized boards cut, and Zeke, who was walking off toward the woods, stopped to say again:

"I surely am much obliged to you for finding my money."

"Oh, Zeke!" exclaimed Bunny, "just before the bear man came you started to say something about your lost brother."

"That's right, I did. I said I was losing lots of things around here—first my brother and then my wallet."

"What did you say your brother's name was?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know that I told it, did I?"

"You started to say it," prompted Sue. "It sounded like Tom."

"Tobias is his name," said the lumberman. "Tobias Watson. My name is Zeke Watson, but everybody calls me Zeke or Old Zeke, and I like it. But Tobias is my brother's name, only he's lost."

"Would he ever call himself Toby?" asked Bunny, and he and Sue seemed very much excited.

"Why, yes; he often called himself Toby," was the answer. "Poor fellow! He was a bit weak in his head and simple minded. I kept him here on Jack Frost Island with me

in the shack. But one day, just when winter was setting in, he wandered away and I haven't been able to find him since. I'm afraid he's dead."

"No he isn't!" eagerly exclaimed Bunny and Sue together.

"How do you know?" and Zeke almost shouted the words. "How do you know my brother Tobias isn't dead?"

"'Cause he's at our house!" cried Sue.

"Not azackly at our house, but pretty near," Bunny went on to explain. "We found Uncle Toby in the snow and we brought him in—Mr. Gordon the grocer helped us—and when we came up here we left him—I mean we left Uncle Toby at Mr. Jilson's house."

"With a parrot to talk to him," added Sue.

"Yes, with Mr. Jilson's parrot to talk to him," agreed Bunny.

"Is this true? Do you mean it? Is my brother Tobias alive and did you really find him?" gasped Zeke. "It doesn't seem possible that I'm to find my lost brother and my pocketbook the same day!"

"I'm pretty sure the man we call Uncle

Toby is your brother," said Bunny. "He's old and he talks sort of funny and mother said he wandered in his mind."

"That would be poor Toby," said Zeke. "But I must ask your father about this. It will be a happy day for me if I find Toby!"

He hurried after Mr. Brown. The children's father was much surprised at the turn events had taken. He told over again just how Bunny and Sue had found the old man in the snow. What is more, Mr. Brown had noticed a certain scar on one of Uncle Toby's hands, and the missing brother, so Zeke said, had just such a scar.

"What you had better do," said Mr. Brown to the foreman, "is to come to Bellemere with me. I am going there to-morrow on business and coming back to the island. If the old man at Mr. Jilson's house turns out to be your missing brother, you can bring him back with you."

"That's what I'll do!" said Zeke Watson.

The next day Mr. Brown and the foreman departed for the mainland, and then followed two days of anxious waiting on the part of

Bunny and Sue. It seemed lonesome on Jack Frost Island with their father away and Zeke gone and Smoke, the bear, also departed. But the children played about in the snow, and went for walks with their mother.

Then, toward evening of the third day, the jingle of bells was heard, and there was Mr. Jackson's big sleigh again. It drew up to the bungalow, having been driven across the frozen lake. Mr. Brown got out, to be joyfully welcomed by Bunny and Sue. Zeke also got out, and then he helped out an elderly man.

"It's Uncle Toby!" cried Bunny.

"Hello, Uncle Toby!" called Sue, in greeting.

"Hello," replied the old man. "I'm glad to see you. I'm not lost any more, and my brother isn't either. I'm glad to be here."

"That's right!" said Zeke, smiling happily. "Nothing is lost any more, thanks to Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. They found the bear, they found my pocketbook, and they helped find lost Tobias. Everything is all right now!"

And so it was. Uncle Toby grew much better after getting back home to his brother, though he could not tell how he happened to wander away nor how he reached Bellemere, there to fall down in a snowdrift from weakness and hunger.

"But I'll take good care he doesn't get lost again," said Zeke.

"Do you want to ride back with me?" asked Mr. Jackson of Bunny and Sue as he turned his sleigh about for the trip to the main shore.

"Oh, no! We don't want to go home yet!" answered Bunny.

"We can have lots more fun here," echoed Sue.

"Hadn't you better stay and have supper?" invited Mrs. Brown.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Jackson. "There's a big storm coming, and I want to get as far as I can on my way before it breaks."

So he left, with his jingling, prancing horses, promising to return and take the Brown family home whenever they were ready.

Zeke took his brother to the shack where

they lived, Bunny and Sue went into the warm, cozy bungalow, and that night a big storm swept over Jack Frost Island. Much snow fell and the wind blew it into drifts.

"But we like it!" shouted Bunny Brown as he looked out of the window as he was eating breakfast.

"We'll have lots of fun!" said his sister Sue.

They did, for they remained two weeks more on Jack Frost Island before Mr. Brown had finished seeing his lumber cut. Then he and his wife and the children were ready to return to Bellemere, where more adventures awaited Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

THE END

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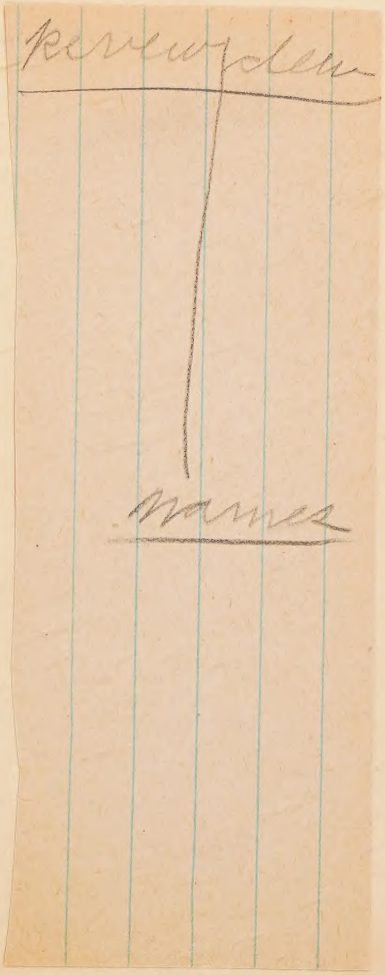

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